Hon. Thomas B. Reed on Oratory of To-Day

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Orators and Oratory of To-Day

By Thomas B. Reed

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FRANK X. LEYENDECKER

An Oratour is he, that can or may speke or reason in euery question sufficetly, elegantly and to perswade properly, accordynge to the dygnitie of the thyng that is spoken of, the oppertunitye of tyme, and pleasure of them that be heters. —Sir Thomas Elyot, The Governor, book 1, ch. xiii.

THE Republican party, and the Protectionists generally, if, as they claim, they have reduced white paper to the low price which now prevails, have a heavy responsibility upon their consciences. Not only are books now within the reach of all, but miniature libraries are springing up on all hands, and very soon the wonder of carpets and handsome furniture in the homes of the men whose daily toil is their only resource will give way to the new wonder of libraries in every household. Newspapers, also, are enlarging their fields of endeavor, and seem to be more than keeping pace with the movement of the time. So far have they gone, both in the greater and the smaller cities, that the venerable persons who come down to us from a former generation are in much doubt as to whether the great Sunday editions are a joy or an affliction.

One would naturally suppose that the manifest change which has taken place in methods of displaying and receiving ideas would have left the old methods stranded high up on the shores of time. The earliest method of spreading information and moulding opinions, however, has not passed away. Men still talk to each other face to face, and oratory still plays a great part in the instruction of modern times. It is true that the orator reaches his largest audience by the aid of the newspaper, but the newspaper nowadays depicts the applause and dissent of the audience, and gives, so far as it can, the atmosphere with which the orator is surrounded, and makes the reader appreciate the full human nature involved in the whole scene. The very postures, also, of the orator are displayed.

But however well any article may be written, and however well any speech may be reported, there is a charm in the spoken word, in the utterance of the living man, which no beauty of style can imitate and no collocation of words can equal. Probably Æschines never said, "You should have heard the lion himself," when in exile he praised his superior, but if he was made to say it—if the story was invented—it was because the truth was deeper than the fact.

The Stump Oratory of the Ancients

What we call in America "Stump Oratory"—oratory in its roughest and most familiar shape—still plays a great part—a part which hardly seems to lessen in its influence over the people at large. To be fully satisfied they must hear the man speak, and give themselves up to the sound of his voice. Whenever a campaign comes on, all the available vocal power is called into action, and whoever watches the effect will see that the oratory of the campaign is a very powerful and invigorating force. In 1872 a large number of the leading men and newspapers had placed themselves in opposition to General Grant, and there were weeks during which his election seemed more than doubtful; but the campaign orator had not been at work a fortnight before you could feel the change. Not only were there words, but you had looked into the face of the man who said them. When you read what is written, the power of the written word depends much upon your mood. When you hear a man speak, his power depends much on his mood. You naturally lend your thoughts to him. Moreover, the rest of your fellows in the audience do their part, and there comes on that irresistible power of human sympathy which gives you your share of the emotion of others and mingles your thoughts with theirs.

Of course, oratory can never again have the relative importance which it had in the early days when there were fewer things to do and fewer things to think of. In those old days you could meet and harangue the whole deciding multitude; for Athens in its prime had but 20,000 free citizens; 8000 was a good attendance; and the human voice could have reached them all. In New York, Cooper Union holds less than three thousand people, and Madison Square Garden thirteen! If the orator could convert them all he would hardly disturb the majority of either party. What a difference between an audience in either place and the audience Demosthenes addressed when, in the Oration on the Crown, he reached the summit of fame, whereon he has stood for three and twenty centuries in solitary and unapproached preëminence. Even Cicero himself, his only rival in historic renown, concedes that Demosthenes is the standard of perfection. His audience was all the people, and not an inappreciable fraction. His oration did not have to share place in Athenian minds with absorbing business and with newspapers laden with the doings of a world.

Present-Day Opportunity for Eloquence

So the preacher, in the early days, had the advantage of the influence of the next world, and a goodly portion of this. Men are so busy now with the things of earth that there is little room for thoughts of the hereafter. Chrysostom, he whose mouth was of gold, the great preacher of antiquity, would hardly be on the road to so wide a fame in this age as he was in the age wherein he lived. The advocate, also, is crowded into obscurity, and Hortensius and Sulpicius in the modern world would hardly preserve, in our age, what antiquity has given them, the shadow of a name, and even Cicero as an advocate would have to eke out his reputation at the bar with his fame as a statesman.

Nevertheless, oratory survives and seems in as great demand as ever, though the prizes have grown smaller, or, perhaps, strictly speaking, the other prizes of human endeavor have grown larger.

The lecture field is still open, and if oratory shares public attention more fully with other attractions and does not hold, as in the days of Beecher and Curtis and Wendell Phillips, its old preëminence, the audiences which listen to General Gordon and Henry Watterson have not lost their old interest and enjoyment.

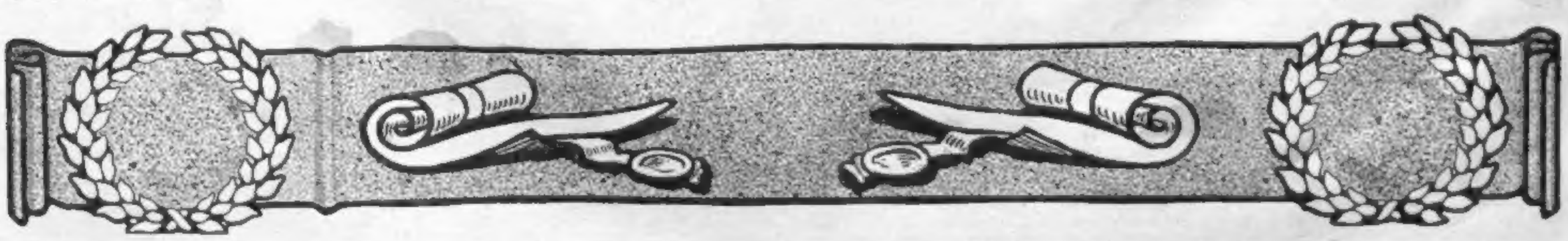
Those who have reached the age which naturally praises the days gone by still look back on the old lecture platform as the golden time of oratory in the New World. The men who laid the foundations of American literature in those days shed their light from many eminences all over the land, and taught high thinking and clean living to eager listeners not yet wedded to the pursuit of wealth and not yet yearning for unwilling empire. They spoke to audiences which longed for the ideal life of the saints and sages, and made possible the dream of that freedom for all which Jefferson put into words in the Declaration of Independence, and Lincoln put into the deeds which preceded and followed his second inaugural. But in this crowded world, when the work is done the instrumentalities pass away, for the earth does not long allow itself to be encumbered by the ruins of even its loftiest temples or its most sumptuous palaces. When the worship has ceased and the King is dead, Time, the devourer, does his work, and institutions perish as well as the men who made them. Only vitality itself, the living germ, can resist decay, and even that must pay the homage of a new incarnation into a life not always loftier or more noble.

The oratory of Congress has certainly increased in volume, and for aught we know has increased in ability, but, like all things else in a republic grown from three to seventy-six millions, it has lost its old proportion, and now struggles in vain for an audience as wide as of yore. No metropolitan paper publishes even a synopsis of the debates, and a member acquainted with its business cannot tell what is going on after a three days' absence. Each paper gives room to the doings of its own legislature, and erases Congress to give place to what used to seem to be smaller things. Probably the Record, the official publication, is to blame for this, and the member, to insure his appearing at full length in one place, has surrendered his chance to appear in all places. Nevertheless, a speech suitable for a campaign, and delivered at the proper time, may still have wide circulation and a three months' immortality.

Commencements have not lost their liking for orations, and as the number and size of colleges and universities have greatly increased, with them has also increased the desire for the spoken word. Whoever has reputation enough of any kind to make people anxious to see him will not lack invitations to appear before fine audiences and enforce whatever ideas he may have of life and duty. Of course, from all this effort on the part of orators and all this endurance on the part of the people, there comes much diffusion of knowledge and a spread of thought and of new ideas which would wait long if only the printed word were at the service of the world. Parker and Phillips poured a great part of their noble work into these channels and were able to make men think as they did by the fact that the magic of their presence supported and sustained the magic of their words.

The Funeral Oration and its Pathos

The funeral oration must have had and did have its origin in far antiquity. No time has ever been and no time can ever be when the closing of life will cease to be its great event. What it means to him who has passed away only revelation or fancy can depict. What, however, it is to him it will also be to all of us. We tread the path with no consciousness of companionship, and yet we know that all the countless generations of the myriad years of the past and of all the years of the future are our sure companions. To us, then, who survive there comes a certain tenderness of heart which has never come before. The rival is a rival no longer. His hopes and ambitions have fallen by the wayside. In like manner ours will surely fall. If we have been foes our greatest longing in the first revulsion of feeling is to call oblivion down upon the fierce fights of the past; our first desire is to atone for the selfish greed of power or money or place which led to the long and bitter contentions and the cruel enmities now ended forever. Before an audience thus disposed it is not difficult to stir to its depths the human soul. Here we tell the truth



with all its warmth and none of its coldness. Our sentences may be well rounded, for they need not be strictly just.

Where we are at liberty to limit no adjective and curtail no sentence there results a beauty of diction, a tenderness of phrase, a full recognition of the hopes of an unknown world beyond, whose peace seems to be on us with the benedictions of the eternal. When we think of the foundation of the funeral oration, for the foundations of all moving speech must be in the audience, we cease to wonder that the most beautiful phrases, the loftiest sentiments and the richest recognitions of immortal life were the productions of an age which to-day the world, still wicked and still far from the glory of God, looks down upon as an age of gilded sin fitly followed by the butcheries of Parisian mobs and the swift-running guillotine.

Eloquence that Paid False Compliments

When you read the beautiful discourses of the "Eagle of Eloquence," whose name rises at once to your lips as you speak of the funeral oration, you know, if you know history at all, that you must forget the real lives of those whom Bossuet so lovingly praises in death if you are at all to be moved by the hope of triumphant glory which he depicts for those whose reverence for the Ten Commandments could have begun only after their death. The funeral oration, however, has not yet passed away, nor will it ever pass away until the last man has taken his place in the innumerable caravan. Families and friends love to treasure up the words spoken of their dead companions and to hold for truth forever the outburst of kindly enthusiasm which death has ushered in.

In Congress the funeral oration still survives, and much eloquence still pervades the halls when death comes. Of course, there is much uttered which makes the judicious smile, but there is also much which is worthy of the themes, which, after all, are themes which involve all of this world and all of its achievements with all the possibilities of the land across the barriers of which the dead man has been borne. Mankind, however, has been trying to phrase these great conditions which embrace all the past and all the future, ever since the world began. In conflict, therefore, with all past history the oration can have little hope of originality, and the temptation to borrow has sometimes been found to be irresistible. If we ever learn to treat the living with the tenderness with which we instinctively treat the dead, we shall then have a civilization well worth distributing.

What the Clergy May Accomplish

The sermon may seem not fully to belong to the domain of the oration, which, in its ordinary acceptation, means a discourse against adversaries and involves immediate conviction and persuasion. As we think of an oration we think of a discourse which seems to be the sudden and consecutive outpouring of a full mind at that moment aroused to action by the opponent who stands before the speaker. The sermon, however, may have all those characteristics, and then become a pulpit oration, subject to the same laws of criticism. Such certainly were the sermons of Martin Luther and of John Knox.

If it should be said that any sermon has to encounter the great adversary of the human race, or, if the preacher does not recognize the personality of Satan, that he has at least to encounter human nature, our greatest adversary, I presume I should have to admit that perhaps the difference is only one of degree, and that the sermon resembles all oratory, and that, in being more sober and using fewer arts, it in that very way accomplishes the work of persuasion.

Usually, however, the sermon is wholly or largely written out, and lends itself to the informing rather than the stirring of the audience. It can have little recourse to those enlivenments which come from wit and humor, though much has been permitted in these modern days, which even so recently as Henry Ward Beecher's time shocked the religious mind. Dean Swift, himself a wit almost without an equal, cautioned his young clergyman to avoid the endeavoring at wit, not only because the chances were little less than a million to one that he had none, but because he had better not use it in a sermon, even if he did have it. A sermon, the famous Dean seemed to think, was a means of permanent improvement of the human soul, and that, therefore, it was out of place in the pulpit to use what he called the "pathetic" or temporarily moving expedients of oratory. The victories of righteousness should be the permanent results of pitched battles, and not the display of the banners of the army and the sound of its trumpets.

Chances for After-Dinner Speakers

The after-dinner speech, the antipodes of the funeral oration, has, like that, equal date with Andes and with Ararat. Hardly had the family relation been well established before the guild began. So far back as we know anything of the history of any people, we find them associating in groups of a character more or less permanent as the cause of association was temporary or persistent. With the association came the cementing influence of the banquet, with food and flowing bowl. To watch at any dinner now the gradual exhaustion of talk between neighbors, and the gradual extension of conversation to those farther off, is to understand in some measure the yearning for speeches which takes possession of any large assembly. Either speeches or dispersion the multitude must have, and so people with the most honest intentions as to silence break forth into sound. To-day associations to protect rights and insure liberty are not so much needed, but the old habits prevail, and the after-dinner speech has, next to the banquet, become the main object of the festival, if indeed the interest in it does not exceed that of the main purpose, the banquet itself. Societies, the demand of which for comradeship arises from common nationality and common origin of any kind, have so multiplied in the land that every great city and many small ones renew every year the tribute of grateful memories to the land of birth and to the associations of the old home. Here can be easily seen great opportunities for the "pathetic" and for "wit," occasions when Dean Swift's young clergyman might solace himself for the abstention which the pulpit enjoins, where the statesman might, even in talking of public affairs, relieve himself from too sober a presentation of his cares, and where the lawyer might free himself from his duties to his client and find an audience who had not heard the facts which limit his eloquence at the bar. Here there is room for all, and more than room for all, that are fit, for the demand for such oratory far exceeds the supply.

The popular notion is that this display of wit and eloquence is an easy task. But there is no audience more critical than the one which greets the after-dinner speaker. No party spirit helps him, and he has only the sympathy he himself creates. It is true that he cannot be too serious, but he may preach a serious discourse if he lights up the sombre background by the light of eloquent diction or of quaint and humorous phrase. Before this audience he wins the highest praise who adds to the charm of his discourse the soundest wisdom of any orator, the knowledge or instinct of where to stop. The world owes many a worthy lesson to the orator who uses the "Puritan," the "Land o' Cakes," and the names of St. George and St. David to point a modern moral and to justify the doubtful present by joining it on to a past which is secure. The records of these societies show many examples of eloquence of the highest order, some of which ought to be given to a larger world than they reached when delivered.

The Enduring Fame of the Great Orators

It is a popular idea that those who are gifted with oratorical power have few other gifts, that their influence perishes with the moving of popular audiences, and that they have not in other spheres the power they show in arousing the multitude. In many cases this is so, but those who move public sentiment move it in different degrees. Public sentiment also is of two different kinds: the voice of the people, which is the hurried result of the untrained and uninstructed emotions, and that voice of the people, uttered after due thought and experience, which is the solid and enduring basis of human action. Gales, which are but air in motion, may toss the surface of the seas into wild and ravening waves; but the great strength of the ocean is underneath it all, and, aided by the steadfast genius of man, transports to every shore the products of every land.

Men who stir the surface of thought for the moment may be inferior and command little permanent respect, but the great orators have left too many landmarks behind them to be confounded with rhetoricians and men of the moment. We have not one of his orations left by which we might judge for ourselves, but if there be anything in the testimony of all the men of his time, Julius Cæsar is entitled to rank among the greatest orators of his age. Yet, however much we may mourn over the passage of the Rubicon, we cannot deny to Cæsar the highest rank of all those who have managed the affairs of practical life. Daniel Webster, who was our greatest orator, has never been denied the rank of a great man. Henry Clay, whose oratory was of that sympathetic kind which we most suspect, was the most powerful party leader who ever dictated his will to others.

While we must acknowledge the faults of Cicero, we can also demonstrate that his great superior, "The Orator" himself, has not only left behind him orations which are the models for the emulation of all the world, but also the memory of a life of patriotic devotion and wisdom which, if the immortal gods had so willed, might have saved to Athens its preeminence among the cities of Greece and preserved the liberties of the ancient world.

Stories of the Silent Man

By Major J. A. Watrous, U. S. A.

IN THE war with Mexico Grant was second lieutenant, but for the most of the time he commanded one company in the Fourth Infantry. He was quiet, gentle and mild-mannered. He said but little to any one, but when he did speak there was excuse for it. In camp he was always busy doing something. If a man was sick, or simply ailing a bit, it was not the surgeon who first knew it, but Lieutenant Grant. If rations were short and poor, and the army was where full rations, and good ones, could be had, Grant would not rest until his men were properly supplied.

History has told how bravely Grant fought in the hardest battles of the Mexican War, but no history has told it just as his company saw him in those battles. There was no bluster, no fuss and feathers, no wild swinging of arms, no swearing on the part of the popular lieutenant in those battles. He was as cool and collected as he was on drill; yet he seemed to fly from one end of the company to the other, giving orders in that quiet but effective way which characterized him in later years.

Many will recall that funny mule story in which Grant played a part—the Mexican War story. Well, the writer of that story did not tell the funniest part. The brigade quartermaster had received a number of wild, unbroken mules after the army reached Mexico. The quartermaster and his force of civilians spent a day in trying, without success, to break two spans of those mules to harness. The minute a harness was thrown on to a mule, that minute a mule's heels began to fly in the air, and they continued to fly until the harness was strewn over the ground. That night the quartermaster sent for a detail of a lieutenant and twenty men to report to the corral early the next morning to aid in training mules to service in transporting army rations and stores.

Lieutenant Grant marched two men from each of ten companies to the corral at the appointed hour, and was told what was wanted. The young officer took a survey of the mules, harness and army wagons he had been called upon to deal with. His first order was:

"Bring a couple of ropes twenty feet in length."

The next order was: "You men," addressing the quartermaster's civilians, "surround that mule, halter him and hold him, no matter what he does—do you hear, hold him. Corporal, take ten men, five on a side, and as soon as the animal is haltered, manage to fasten one end of these ropes to his hind legs."

When that was done, and it was not accomplished without a good many bruises, he directed that a set of five men should take charge of each rope and hang on to it, no matter how much the mule objected and kicked. The men proceeded to obey orders. They extended to about ten feet in front of the victim, thus virtually fencing him in on three sides. That done, other civilians were told to place the harness upon the beast. Almost before the last buckle was fastened the mule bent in preparation for a masterful kick.

"Hang to those ropes," called the Lieutenant.

The ten men hung to the ropes, and that first attempt to clog the air with mule-heels was a dismal failure. The victory made the men overconfident. As quick as a flash, when the rope-holders were not watching, not braced for attack, both mule hind feet flew in the air and ten soldiers were yanked flat to the ground, in the mud, and before they could foregather away went the heels again and again, and ten men were mixed in that mud to the Queen's taste.

"Let no man loose his hold!" commanded Grant.

Well, that mule kicked and wallowed those two strings of soldiers in the now thin mud until it was worn out by the hard exercise, and then had sense enough to stand still until fully harnessed. The mule was conquered, but at what cost to uniforms, pride, flesh and bones!

The wagon-master asked if there was not a better way to train the animals.

"There can't be a worse way," said the Lieutenant, as he wandered away from the corral a few rods to a large and nearly square rock, at least ten feet high, and seemed to scrutinize it closely.

Returning he gave orders to take the next victim to the large rock. It was backed as close to the obstruction as possible without actually touching it. Half a dozen men were told to hold the brute by the head, ears and neck, and on no account to let it advance from the rock. Then a man was told to clap a harness on quickly. As soon as the buckles began to fasten the mule became restless. Pretty soon it made a sudden lunge and succeeded in getting four feet away from the rock, and then the fun began. Its heels cracked against the rock savagely for a short time. It was a new experience, and apparently a painful one, for the battered hind feet were lifted again and again, but very gently, and only one at a time, while its head shook and ears flopped. That mule was cured, and the problem was solved. The detail returned to camp late that evening having accomplished its mission—taken the kick out of a drove of as unmanageable mules as ever hauled pork and hardtack.

One of Grant's old sergeants was a farmer in Southern Oregon when the General arrived at Portland, homeward bound from his tour around the world. He read of the proposed receptions to be given him in the city and also at Vancouver Barracks, and could not resist the temptation to make the trip and once more see the Old Commander. At Vancouver he found a number of men he had known when the army was in Mexico. The old fellows made up their minds to make a regular, not a hustling, reception call upon the General. The ordnance sergeant said that as he had carried ammunition to Lieutenant Grant at the battles of Palo Alto, Monterey and Chapultepec, he would call and see the General and arrange for the meeting, or reunion, as he termed it. Soon after General Grant reached Department Headquarters—General O. O. Howard was then in command of the Department of the Columbia—the old ordnance sergeant appeared and asked to see General Grant.

"Do you know him?" asked an aid.

The sergeant straightened up, saluted and said: "We have met, sir; the last time was at Chapultepec, where I supplied his company with ammunition."

"General Grant," said the aid, "there is an old man outside who was with you at Chapultepec. He wants to see you a moment."

"And I want to see him," said the ex-President, then the best-known man in the world; "have him come right in."

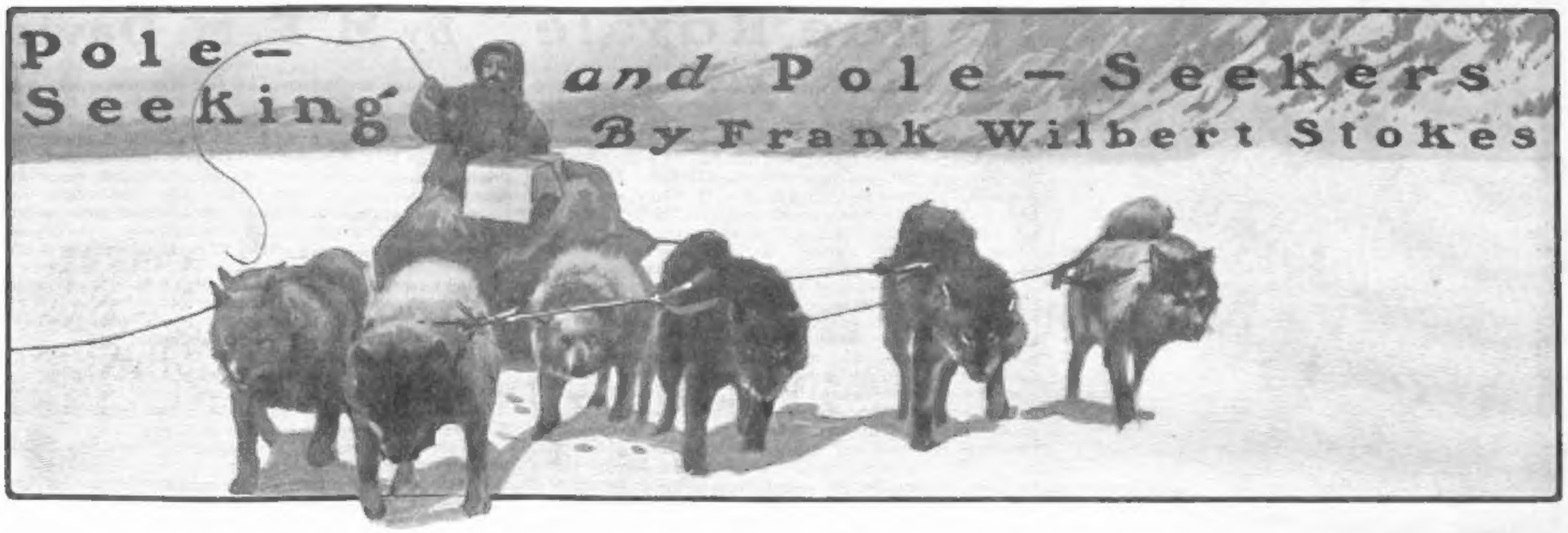
The General could not remember the sergeant, but he recalled the ammunition incident, and was very cordial. It was arranged that the five old chaps should be at General Howard's half an hour before the reception was to begin that evening.

At the appointed hour, clad in their best, boots glistening, hands in white gloves, and as erect as veterans of their age and experience would allow, they appeared on the walk in front of General Howard's house.

"Have them come in," General Grant said, and they went direct to his room. After shaking hands—both hands with his two hands—he turned to the cluster of officers and men and women and asked them to excuse him for a time, and then led them to another room, where for more than half an hour the six veterans of two wars had a reunion. The General remembered and alluded to the mule-taming experience. He had many pleasant words for each. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in and about the house. Twice General Howard went to the door to tell General Grant that the hour for the reception to begin had arrived, and twice the General had said, "Wait a few minutes more."

Then, after he had taken each by the hand and spoken a tender good-by, he stepped to the door and called out:

"Howard, go ahead with the reception."



THE ESSENTIALS OF POLAR EXPEDITIONS

FROM the dim past of legendary Viking hosts to within comparatively recent times the acquirements necessary to the explorer were a thirst for adventure, combined with some nautical knowledge, and an indomitable courage and perseverance; but now he must not only possess all of these, but must also be a seeker after exact knowledge.

Nowadays, when a would-be explorer asks for aid from the public at large, or from scientific societies, or from the Government, or from private individuals, he must be prepared to show adequate scientific results in case his appeal is responded to.

The true explorer is a great man; a man of natural executive ability; one who has a well-balanced belief in himself, but who is ready to accept good advice, even from those who are under his command. The true explorer is never above doing any necessary work or labor, no matter how menial; and, after weighing a matter thoroughly, he must have the tenacity and will power to carry it through. He thinks of his men first and himself afterward. Nansen took his turn with the men in passing coal from the hold to the bunkers of the Fram. In spite of criticism and ridicule from Polar experts and the majority of the scientific world, he never swerved, and carried through with honor and success his Titan scheme of drifting across the vast Arctic Sea wastes.

The true explorer will never let a chance slip by, but will utilize every opportunity to procure scientific results. Unfortunately, however, there are some whose sole aim is a high latitude and their own personal glory, and who, after arriving in far-off regions, set aside their obligations to societies and individuals, make lax surveys, delay and neglect the preparation of natural history specimens, and only desultorily gather geological, botanical and entomological material.

It is true, indeed, that if the way has been shown, and new lands have been discovered, there will follow, in time, the scientific explorer, who will bring back something more than a tale of daring adventure, but it is obvious that he should have been sent at first. A comparatively ignorant commander can carry a scientific corps, but it will be subservient to his ignorant judgment, and this, in the end, will hamper the usefulness of the expedition.

By feeling the public pulse, it is evident that general dissatisfaction prevails as to the advisability of Polar and relief expeditions. This proceeds largely from ignorance of the scientific and commercial benefits already derived and of those that will surely be obtained, yet there is a measure of sane reason for such a sentiment. Funds for expeditions are difficult to raise for the reason that no direct monetary gains are forthcoming. In consequence, the explorer must often wait until within a few months of the date of sailing before making his preparations, and everything in regard to equipment must be accomplished in a rush. Inadequate preparations ensue, which hamper the expedition's usefulness by insufficient provisions, hastily chosen men, vessels not properly fitted for their mission, and incomplete scientific equipment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the result is often meagre scientific returns and considerable loss of life. Indeed, after scanning carefully the amount of provisions taken, the character of the vessels, and the lack of proper scientific instruments, one marvels at what many of these dauntless heroes have accomplished. But the explorer knows the fatality of waiting; he must move while the public, the Government, the committee are interested, or lose the chance altogether; and, being ambitious, he runs the risk.

The relief expedition is the natural outcome of such imperfectly equipped expeditions, and thus is incurred twice the expenditure that would have been required if the original expedition had been properly outfitted.

The choice of the men and their number are the most important questions the commander has to decide, for upon these, almost wholly, depend the expedition's success or failure. In Government expeditions the men are put through a rigid physical examination, but in private expeditions such is not the rule. A man should be sound physically—but there are exceptions: notably that of Doctor Kane, who was somewhat of an invalid all his life, and who yet withstood hardship better than some of the more athletic men of his command. The large, heavily built, muscular men do not begin to stand the strain like the light, well-knit, wiry men. Peary could not lift the weights some of his men did, but, being of wiry fibre, he is almost tireless, and is still evidencing his endurance in spite of the loss of seven toes.

The mind is a superlative factor. Experience shows that the sanguine temperament is the best to overcome the difficulties, disappointments and dangers of Polar service, by lending hopefulness where appearances are totally against success. Intelligence is a desideratum, for it finds plenty to do during the long Polar night, where ignorance would despair. On joining an expedition one must go clearly and calmly over the ground and make up his mind that he may not return; and the mind, once decided, will overrule and conquer the body. Otherwise it is better not to go at all.

The number of men is of great importance. It has been found that small parties have done the most effective work. The larger the number the greater the cost, and it is obvious that it is more difficult to please a large body of men than a small number. Diversity of temperament and opinion is apt to be not so great in the small party. Upon the morale of the men as well as of the leader success depends.

Hard, iron-bound contracts are generally deemed necessary between the leader and his men, and always between a Government and the members of an expedition. The men must sign contracts that, at all costs and under whatever circumstances, they must advance the objects of the expedition, and render absolute obedience to the leader. No one can leave headquarters alone, beyond a prescribed limit, without special permission. During the Peary North Greenland Expedition in 1893-'94 this limit was a quarter of a mile.

All material acquired during the term of the expedition becomes the property of the leader, Government or society under whose patronage the expedition has been sent out. No one is allowed to carry a camera with him unless the leader permits, and after the pictures are made they become the property of the expedition.

On the return of the expedition no one may write, or give information for publication in any form, or lecture, or furnish material for lectures until such time as the leader, or patron, or Government deems advisable. The interval between the arrival of the expedition home and the period when its members are granted permission to use their material varies. It does not terminate until the commander, Government or institution has made full use of all material, which, generally, is not until such a period elapses as to make it practically useless to others. In Peary's expedition of 1893-'94 the contract read that no book, pamphlet, newspaper article or telegram should be written, no material furnished for lectures or articles until one year after the official publication. Four years rolled by before Peary's account was published.

In Government expeditions, all the members, from the commander down, are under strict regulations, and the instructions furnished the commander are generally very minute, leaving him only such latitude as is absolutely necessary. Everything in the way of material belongs to the Government, and a special injunction is given to each commander to demand from every individual his logs, diaries and sketches before arrival in port. These are put into a

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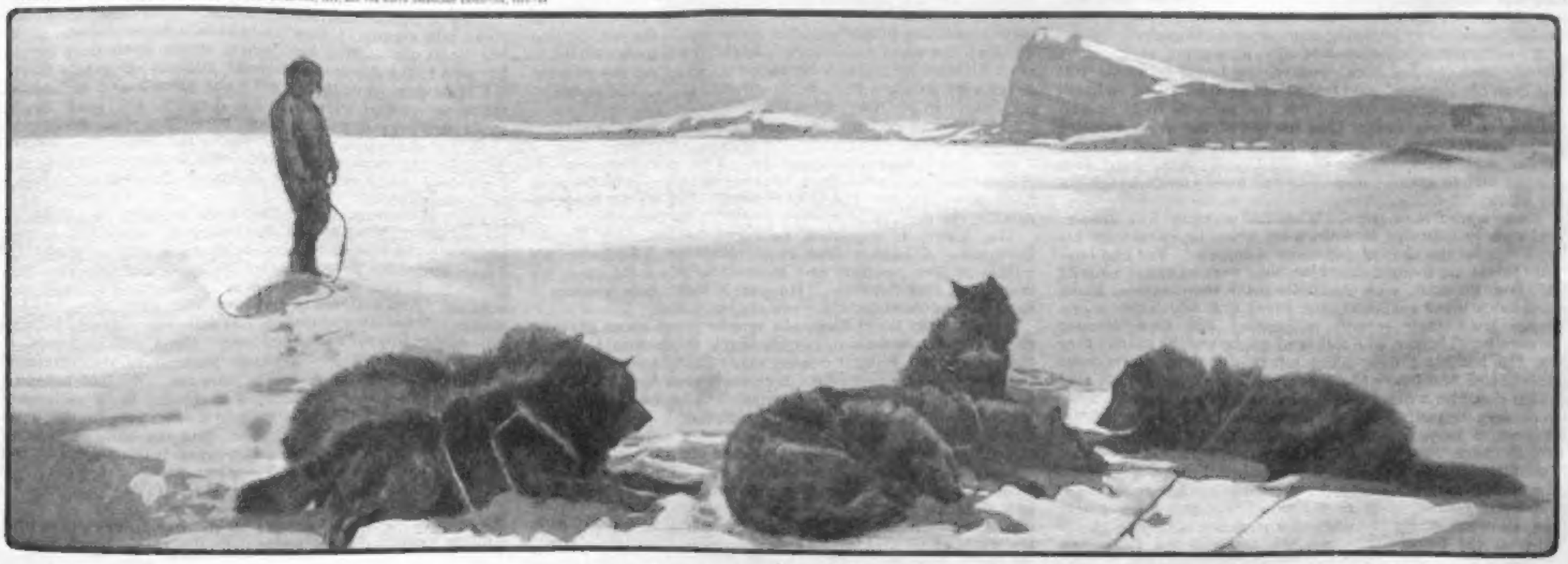


In Rue Royale

By M. E. M. Davis

She looked pathetically lonely in her blue calico frock

ELLWOOD was sketching a corner of the Cathedral garden. It was very fascinating, that clump of giant bananas, whose fringed leaves dipped and swayed and whispered to the morning breeze; more fascinating still, the long wyndlike Alley of St. Antoine on his left, opening at its farther end into the old Place d'Armes; and the tossing greenery far down Orleans Street on his right, where Congo Square, forgetful of the savage feet which once beat its dusty aisles to the music of gourd and tom-tom, slept tranquilly silent under the early sun. He glanced eagerly to right and left, as if fearful lest these vistas might vanish before he could transfer them to canvas; then with a short laugh he braced himself resolutely against the wall of the ancient shop behind him. "One thing at a time, Van, my boy," he muttered, and at once lost himself in his work. More than one fat, gay-tignoned negress on her way to the French market stopped to peer over his shoulder and exclaim loudly over his growing sketch; ragged gamins clattered familiarly around him; devotees hurrying massward threw him curious glances in passing. He looked up now and then to smile into a wondering face, or to answer an insistent question; but he had sketched in too many and too various places to be really disturbed by anything short of an earthquake.

He often wondered afterward why, at a given moment, he should have leaned back, pushed his broad-brimmed felt hat from his forehead, and rested his sketching-pad deliberately on his updrawn knee. For the noise of their feet on the flagstones was lighter than the fall of leaves on summer grass—certainly as different as possible from the shuffle and clatter and clump-clump of sabot and shoe, heretofore passing and repassing; and these had hardly made an echo in his brain!

There were five of them. They had come up Rue Royale, and were just turning into the alley where he stood with his back against the shop of Monsieur Langlois. The two foremost might, he thought, be twins, they were so alike; equally tall and graceful, with magnolia-petal complexions, black hair, thick black eyebrows, and black eyes which shot him a glance from their corners in passing and then drooped demurely. The two who followed might also be twins; they likewise had black hair, which fell in schoolgirl plaits down their backs, and heavy black eyebrows, and great black eyes which shot him a quick cornerwise look and drooped. They were very beautiful, all these twins! They were quietly dressed, as became early churchgoers, but with perfect taste and elegance. Ellwood's artist eyes took instant note of this. The fifth girl, he decided at once, must be the governess. She wore a dark-blue calico frock; the felt of her small toque was quite coarse; so were the shoes that cased her pretty feet, showing under the edge of her skirt; and her gloves worn at the finger-tips. She walked with the *bonne*, an ancient mulattress with wrinkled face, bent shoulders and shuffling steps.

The eyes of the governess were also black—but with an undefinable difference. They rested on him for a full second with a kind of divine friendliness; he knew by intuition that this was their habitual look at the world—and he saw the soft amber glints in their dark depths. Her hair was brown; little curly tendrils of it were blown across her face; she was tall—like the twins—and almost too slender, though that added to her fawnlike grace. Decidedly the governess was less beautiful than the four beautiful sisters, but——!

They went on. Ellwood watched them turn into the side door of the Cathedral, the governess assisting the old *bonne* carefully up the stone steps; and presently he knew that the mass was begun; the smell of incense came floating down to him; there was the echo of the priest's sonorous voice, and finally the thin tinkling sound of a bell. He lifted his sketching-pad and resumed his work.

How exquisite the play of light and shade in yonder garden-corner! What an impossible January, with its mellow sunshine, its clustering roses, its bold orange-blossoms! What—ah! For something or somebody had stumbled over his foot. He uttered an ejaculation, dropping pencil and pad. Two chocolate-colored nuns were heading for their convent in Rue d'Orleans with a long tail of pink-bonneted orphan and "half-orphan" girls behind them; these were of every imaginable shade of black and yellow. The three-year-old tot who had stubbed her toe against his boot and tumbled in a wailing heap on the pavement was like nothing so much as a round, tawny puffball. His scattered senses had just rallied themselves sufficiently to indicate to him that he must pick the little creature up. He stooped, one hand going instinctively to his trousers' pocket; but a blue-clad figure darted into the confusion under his eyes, righted the puffball, brushed her dusty skirts vigorously, patted her, cooed at her, and gave her into the hands of a deprecating young nun. Then the governess flashed out angrily at himself: "*Maladroit!* How could you be so careless, Monsieur?" And then her face softened suddenly, and she smiled into his—such a smile!

He stood gaping after her, hat in hand, until the gamins, who had plucked the leaves out of his sketch-book and pocketed his pencils, shouted derisively: "Oho! M'sieu' Nu-tête! Aha, M'sieu' Nu-tête!"

By this time, following in the wake of the four beautiful sisters, she had vanished down Rue Royale. He had lost her! For although the next morning the same hour found him in the Alley of St. Antoine sketching a corner of the Cathedral garden, and although the gay-tignoned negresses waddled by on their way to the French market, and the gamins danced noisily around him, and hurrying devotees paused to glance at his sketch, and the orphans and half-orphans passed and repassed, and the smell of incense floated out to him from the Cathedral, with the tinkling echo of a bell—there were no beautiful sisters with their *bonne;* there was no governess!

Heaven alone knows how many times during the next ten days Ellwood sketched that clump of bananas, and the Cathedral towers, the green-latticed *presbytère* in the alley, General Andrew Jackson on his backward-rearing steed in the new-christened Place, and the yellow river beyond. Besides, he haunted Rue Royale, from his own lodgings, far down that historic street, to its egress into Canal Street. He paced the narrow banquettes of Rue Bourbon and the wide sidewalks of the Rue de l'Esplanade. All to no purpose. He had lost her.

At the very moment he made this discouraging admission to himself he found her.

He had opened his window one afternoon and stepped out upon the cagelike balcony that clung high up under the roof to the weather-stained brick wall; he looked up at the incredibly blue sky above, and sidewise at a coveted bit of wrought-iron railing on a neighboring gallery. "I have lost her—forever," he sighed, and dropped his eyes to the wide veranda of the stately mansion opposite. She was standing between two of her black-haired pupils; all three, embowered in blossoming vines, were leaning over the railing to wave a greeting to the two older twins who were just driving off down the street in an open landau: these were radiant in what Ellwood perceived to be reception toilettes; the younger twins wore dainty girlish house-gowns; she looked pathetically lovely in her blue calico frock.

She did not look up. Ellwood slipped back into his room and sat down trembling.

He interrogated his landlady. That portly *femme de couleur* beamed and nodded, shaking the great gold hoops in her ears. "Ho, yes, M'sieu' h' Ellwood. Eet ees one *ancienne famille*, the Bordenave."

The house, it appeared, belonged to Monsieur Urbain Bordenave, a banker *bien riche;* Madame Bordenave, his wife, was *bien gentille*, and Mesdemoiselles Bordenave, his daughters, *bien élevées*. "Ho, yes, M'sieu', *bien élevées*. I have know dose sister since any are born, me!"

It was on the tip of Ellwood's tongue to ask about the governess. But somehow the words stuck in his throat. After that he saw her, himself unseen, many times, sometimes issuing from the lofty door of the Bordenave mansion; sometimes at a window high up under the roof, like his own, gazing out wistfully; often on the veranda below with the Bordenave family. He resented, at such times, as a personal offense, the contrast between the rich garments of "dose sister" and the humble apparel of their underling. "But at least they treat her kindly," he commented, noting how the white-haired banker, his wife and their daughters seemed to make one of themselves this young creature barred by poverty from the world in which they moved.

One morning, coming out of his own shadowy corridor into the street, he found large drops of rain pattering the flagstones. He was minded for a moment to go back. But he had a bit of sketching to do for his magazine at home; the sun, after its fashion in this semi-tropical latitude, might be shining fiercely in ten minutes! He pulled his hat down over his eyes and scurried along. The shower suddenly became a downpour—a remorseless sheet of water which tumbled earthward like a cataract turned loose. He braved it a second or so, then, stumbling aside, he took refuge in the deep embrasure of a closed *porte-cochère*. As he paused, shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland, his elbow came in rather rough contact with a shoulder which shrank away from it. The woman beside him uttered an impatient exclamation.

"*Maladroit!* How you are careless, Monsieur!"

"Oh! I beg pardon!" he cried, whirling about.

Well, miracles do happen. There she was, dripping wet like himself, clasping a huge paper parcel in her arms. "Oh!" he stammered. And "Oh!" she breathed. And then there was an impressive silence.

"I *am* very awkward, Mademoiselle," he said. "Can you forgive me—a second time?"

"I *am* so *bouillante!*" she returned. "And your fine drawing. I have wanted to say—it was ruined. It was quite my fault." She was speaking breathlessly. "Such a beautiful drawing!"

"Oh, a trifle," he interrupted.

"But it *is* beautiful," she persisted. "I have had it framed. It is in my——" She stopped, blushing violently.

"You have——?" he questioned wonderingly, and leaning toward her, for the noise of falling rain was deafening.

"The truth is," she admitted, with the air of one who has gone too far to retreat, "a—a friend of mine" (she did not say that this friend was Maum, the old *bonne*, whom she herself had dispatched thither for the purpose), "a friend of mine rescued the pieces of that drawing from those gamins" (she did not add, for a consideration), "and gave them to me. I pasted them together; oh, but so that you would never know the paper has been torn! I—I—wished to return it to you, Monsieur, but I could not find you. I did not even know your name——"

"Oh!" he cried, trying hard to keep down the rapture in his voice, "will you not do me the honor to keep it? It is but a scrawl. I am a stranger in the city," he added more quietly. "I am here sketching for a Northern magazine. My name is Ellwood—Vance Ellwood—of Richmond, Virginia."

"I am myself named Cecile Bordenave," she returned.

"A poor relation," he murmured within himself. "At least they might give her some of their cast-off clothes! Oh, but if I can win her, I will——"

Aloud he said: "This is a wonderful old place, this French town of yours."

"If the civic authorities would only furnish gondolas," she laughed.

The rain was still descending; from the gutter-spouts under the eaves, on either side of the street, great jets of water spurted in foamy arcs which almost met before they fell into the swirling flood below. The water, covering the car-tracks, had crept over the banquettes and splashed against the low stone step on which the refugees stood. The street looked like a river flanked with brick walls.

"And I *must* get home somehow," continued Cecile desperately. "I have been to the dressmaker's after a corsage which is to be worn at noon."

"How utterly shameful of them," thought Ellwood, "to send her on such an errand."

"Ah!" She clapped her hands in their wet gloves; for the sun all at once had broken through the rolling clouds and the rain had ceased. In a few moments the receding flood left the flagged sidewalks bare here and there. "If I could only get across that pool," she went on anxiously, "I could pick my way along."

"Must you go?" he demanded so ardently that she blushed and cast down her eyes.

"I must. Indeed I must. Helène will be waiting."

"Then permit me, Mademoiselle." He stooped, for he was a tall, vigorous fellow, and passed a respectful arm about her waist, then lifted her lightly, strode ankle-deep across the pool to the dry stones beyond, and set her gently down.

"How dare you, Monsieur?" she gasped, and without so much as another glance in his direction she sped like a frightened fawn down the street, regardless of the flood.

He dared not follow her. "Cecile Bordenave," he sighed. "Cecile! the name just fits her. Shall I ever meet her again, I wonder? Of course not. Lightning does not strike twice in the same place!"

But it sometimes does! That same night he was formally presented to Miss Cecile Bordenave at a children's fête whither he had been dragged against his will by Victor La Fleur, one of his fellow-lodgers, a Creole, and an artist, like himself. "You will meet but a lot of young savages, my cousins. And a dozen or so of my uncles and aunts," said Victor. "But what of that? You must not—how do you say it?—*moper* in your chamber alone. Come, *mon ami*, come."

Ellwood's heart had already warmed to the pleasant, homelike atmosphere before he saw her. He had followed Victor's *vieux moustache* of a god-papa in a rollicking farandole down the long salon, and danced off with his partner, a grave, short-frocked miss, into the hall. There he came upon her, in her blue calico dress, leading some of the younger children through a *danse ronde*.

"Ainsi font, font, font,
Les petites marionettes,"

she sang in the sweetest voice in the world, looking at him with an unembarrassed smile over the ring of curly heads

"Ah!" cried Victor, appearing from the salon; "*ma cousine!* This is my good friend, Mr. Ellwood. Mr. Ellwood, my cousin, Miss Cecile Bordenave."

"So Victor is your cousin," he remarked a little later, sitting down on a divan beside her. "How odd! I live in the house with him."

"Why, yes," she said; "everybody is everybody's cousin in the *vieux carré*."

"Then if I remain in it long enough," he laughed, "I also may develop into cousinhood?"

"But I wish to be more—to you," was the thought which said itself plainly in his honest blue eyes. And he had just begun, or so it seemed to him, to utter aloud one or two of the thousand things he wished to say to her, when Marie and Suzanne, the younger Bordenave twins, appeared, coifed and shawled, and bore their governess away, because, forsooth, they had lessons on the morrow!

"How lovely your cousin is," Ellwood remarked casually, when he had said good-night to Victor's score of uncles and aunts, and was walking homeward under the stars with that favored mortal.

"Which cousin?" demanded Victor. As if there could be more than one! "Everybody is my cousin," continued the young Creole with a comprehensive outward sweep of his arms. "I will make you know them all, *mon ami*. Cecile Bordenave? Ah, my cousin Cecile is dedicated to poverty, you know." He laughed flippantly. "But my cousins Helène and Claire Bordenave, they are butterflies, *whoof!*" He blew an imaginary kiss toward the silent Bordenave mansion opposite. "I shall take you to see them. It is worth while. My cousin Urbain, their father, has five plantations. How is that, *mon garçon?*" He poked Ellwood gleefully in the ribs.

Ellwood made no reply; his blood was boiling. The utter heartlessness of the boy!

He avoided the mercenary Victor in the days that followed. They were wonderful days in themselves—incomprehensibly sunny, unimaginably flower-scented, inconceivably soft, early-February days. And the first hints of the approaching Carnival were in the air; an outbreak of flags, yellow, green and purple, fluttering from gallery and housetop, foretold the coming of the mysterious Rex; crown-jewels of mysterious, unknown, unguessed queens glittered and sparkled in the jewelers' windows; there were even occasional anticipatory maskers, who darted out of gateways and disappeared within other gateways. Ellwood's pencil danced in his fingers, the eyes of him danced in his head, and the heart of him danced in his bosom. For Fate was favoring him. He met her almost daily, alone, except for blear-eyed Maum, going to early mass at picturesque St. Augustine's, or fetching parcels—poor little dear!—from dressmaker or milliner. Once he sat with her a blissful half-hour in a florist's shop while she waited for the flowers which were to adorn one of the many ball-gowns of the Mesdemoiselles Bordenave. He had told her all about himself, pouring out by snatches the story of his life—his flight from the war-ruined home in Virginia into the working-world of New York, his early struggles and disappointments, his gradual rise in his chosen profession, his hopes, his aspirations, his dreams. She listened, with shining, sympathetic eyes: but she forbade him to come to see her at the Bordenave home. "Not yet," she persisted, in answer to his entreaties; "later—perhaps." He waited with feverish impatience for the removal of the ban.

Meanwhile the time was drawing on when he should have to set his face northward. And almost before he knew it, here was Mardi-gras—noisy, tumultuous, pleasure-crammed. Fat Tuesday! The night before he had looked down from his high window before setting forth to see one of the famous processions; he saw two carriages leave the door of the house opposite. Mesdemoiselles Helène and Claire Bordenave occupied one, with Victor, irresponsively gay, on the front seat; in the other sat Monsieur and Madame Bordenave with—yes, even her pupils, their black hair in plaits down their backs, were quite evidently going to the ball of the night! Cecile had come down to the street, with Maum, to see them off, and stood waving her hand after them until the carriages had disappeared. "Inhuman monsters!" exclaimed Ellwood, shaking his fist at the proud sisters. He longed to go over and comfort Cinderella in her ash-heap, but her prohibition and his own sense of delicacy forbade his calling upon the governess when the heads of the house were absent.

With this recollection in his mind he made his way along the crowded thoroughfare this Fat Tuesday morning, elbowed, jostled, jeered and danced around by a motley throng of masqueraders—plantation negroes, Wild West Indians, monks, nuns, harlequins, columbines and devils. His sketch-book, at the end of an hour, showed but a bit of a balcony over which swarmed a string of young monkeys, the corner of a float loaded with fantastic figures, creatures from some underworld, glittering in the sunlight, and a nook on a lady-laden club-gallery. Among the brilliantly-clad women seated on this last he saw Helène and Claire Bordenave. He scowled and turned with sudden disgust into Rue Royale.

"One more sketch of the Cathedral," he said to himself, entering the old Place d'Armes—now Jackson Square. But in his heart he knew that the remote chance of seeing *her* had brought him there.

And, in fact, a few moments later she came out of the gray old church, followed by Maum.

"You have been crying, Mademoiselle Cecile," he said abruptly, as he led her to one of the iron benches and seated himself beside her. The Square was quite deserted except for themselves and Maum, on her bench hard by; the whole world was making merry elsewhere. A flood of yellow sunshine filled the Place, bringing out the perfume of the orange flowers and the scent of the winter roses.

"You have been crying," he repeated sternly, looking at her swollen eyelids.

"Yes," she admitted frankly; "I have been crying—a little. I am very much ashamed——"

"What have they been doing to you?" he interrupted.

"They? Who?"

"Those Bordenaves—your cousins. I suppose they *are* your cousins?"

"Everybody is everybody's cousin in Frenchtown," she murmured.

"And especially," he continued, "those older twins."

"*Twins!*" She burst into laughter. There were, it appeared, no twins in the Bordenave family.

"So much the worse for them," he growled. He could not himself have explained this mysterious sentence. "Twins or no twins, it is shameful the way they treat you."

"Me!" She opened wide her beautiful amber-glinted eyes. "Why, they are the dearest girls in the world! They are adorably good to me!"

"Then if I remain in it long enough," he laughed, "I also may develop into cousinhood?" "But I wish to be more—to you," was the thought which said itself plainly in his honest blue eyes

"Sending you about to fetch and carry parcels——"

"Why, *that!*" she cried; "I *like* it. Since I cannot go into the big world, why I fairly jump at the chance to get out and work off my surplus energy—and temper. For," she sighed, "I have a temper. I am *bouillante*."

"And no wonder," he frowned, "with those disagreeable pupils."

"Marie and Suzanne? You forget, Monsieur, that they are my relatives."

"I don't care," he said recklessly; "I am sure they are disagreeable—your Bordenaves. Obliging you to wear the same calico frock all the time, while they——"

"But it is not the same, Mr. Ellwood. I have eight guinea-blue calico frocks with different-sized spots. This is the one I had on when I first met you. You should not quarrel with it, sir."

"Blessed blue-guinea calico!" he cried, kissing the edge of her sleeve; "its spots are fairer than the stars! Quarrel with it! I adore it. You shall be married in it!"

She started up, half frightened at the ardor with which he had seized her hand. No one was in sight except Maum, who was dozing under her tignon, and General Jackson, who looked down benignly from his backward-rearing steed.

"I am so glad you are poor, Cecile," the young artist said, when they finally arose to go. "If you had been a rich girl—like Mademoiselle Helène, your cousin, for example—I never could have found courage to ask you to be my wife. You will not keep me waiting long?"

"But my pupils—Marie and Suzanne——" She smiled.

"I forbid you to hear another lesson, Cecile! Inhuman monsters!" This last, half under his breath.

"Mr. Ellwood! Van! My cousins——"

"When may I come—for a betrothal kiss? And an interview with your cousin, Mr. Urbain Bordenave? For I suppose that will be necessary."

"Yes, that will be necessary." She spoke gravely, looking at him with moist eyes. "You may come to-morrow."

"Until to-morrow, then," he said, on leaving her at her own door. "To-night I must go to the ball. I have promised my editors a sketch of the royal court. But I shall be thinking of you, sweetheart."

"Even when you look at the Queen?" she lingered to say wistfully.

"Even when I look at the Queen."

From an upper box, a few hours later, Ellwood surveyed a dazzling scene. Tier upon tier, from pit to dome, the immense Theatre d'Orleans was, in the parlance of the Quarter, a *corbeille* of beautiful women, whose robes made an exquisite scheme of color, whose jewels flashed and sparkled, whose slowly waving fans stirred the perfumed air. Behind these the men stood in close and compact array, making a sombre background. It was the last of the great Carnival Balls; the parquet of the theatre, floored over for dancing and carpeted with white, had the appearance of some shining arena prepared for a Tourney of Hearts. As yet the drop-curtain hung between this rich-clad world and the mystic dream-world behind it. An orchestra, far up under the frescoed ceiling, had just begun a dreamy waltz-tune, when a tumultuous clapping of hands caused Ellwood to lean forward, furtively fingering the note-book in the pocket of his dress-coat. Something was happening in one of the proscenium boxes below where he stood.

"What is it?" he asked of a man near him, as the clapping was renewed, and a murmur, plainly of admiration, swept through the enormous throng. The waltz had given place to a triumphant march.

"The Queen!" returned the man excitedly. "The Queen has arrived! But I cannot tell you who she is," he added, leaning forward and trying vainly to see into the royal box. At that moment there came a sudden breathless hush. The curtain was going up. It rose majestically, as if to do honor to the scene beyond it. "Ah!" Ellwood's exclamation made one with an almost awe-struck chorus that thrilled the air. At the extreme rear of the stage, throned, as it were, like the archangel Uriel in the midst of the sun, robed in white and gold, and holding in his hand a golden cup, stood the King of the Masque. Beside him were his Grand Chamberlain and other officers of the court, and ranged to right and left, gleaming in "samite mystic wonderful," starred with orders, the knights and squires presented the splendid Story of Romance chosen for the occasion.

His Majesty bowed his head in recognition of the prolonged burst of applause; then there was another hush of expectation, while the Grand Chamberlain and his suite crossed the arena. "What are they doing now?" demanded several men, strangers like himself, around Ellwood.

"They are coming to fetch the King his Queen," returned the same good-humored native who had answered before.

Ellwood leaned over with his chance companions, and saw the three Maids of Honor, one after another, led forward: and finally the Queen herself stepped forth, and the small procession moved with stately grace toward the King on his golden throne.

Ellwood started slightly, looking down, then he shook his head, frowning, and leaned farther over the railing. He passed his hand over his eyes. The slender girlish figure, in its trailing robe of gold-embroidered satin and heavy court mantle, seemed strangely familiar. The small, well-poised head with its wealth of dark hair amid which shone the royal crown—but—no, it could not, could not be! It was impossible!

"Who is she!" "Ah, but she is beautiful!" "A royal Queen indeed!" "Who is she?" Ellwood heard these comments and questions, but did not speak; his heart was beating spasmodically.

"Beautiful! I should say so!" There was a note of pride in the man's voice. "She is considered the most beautiful woman in the French Quarter. She is Mademoiselle Cecile Bordenave, the third of the beautiful Bordenave sisters——"

Ellwood heard no more. He clutched the railing, staring down with distended eyes. Yes, it was she. She had reached the steps of the throne, led by her royal consort, and

was turning to acknowledge the greeting of the court. He saw, as in a dream, the royal progress around the ballroom; the glittering pageant which followed; the slow, rhythmic Maskers' Dance; the gradual disappearance of the mummers into that nether world from which they had ascended; and finally, the authorized rush of the "black-coats," as the men not in masque are called, for the dancing-floor. The Queen still sat in the heart of the sun with her imperial lover, an admiring throng passing and repassing before them. Ellwood still stared at her. The ruins of his dream-castle were all about him; he had not even heard the crash, as wall and battlement tumbled; he could not even feel the débris under his feet; he could not think; he was conscious only of a dumb misery.

"Aha, Van, my boy!" Victor La Fleur slapped him heartily on the back. "I have been seeking for you everywhere. I wish to present you to my cousin, the Queen."

Ellwood shook him off savagely. "Excuse me, Victor," he said; "I must go home. I have an important engagement."

"Not so fast, *mon ami*," cried Victor gayly; "you will come with me. I am sent by Her Majesty. There is positively no escape."

Ellwood bowed low before her. "I am Your Majesty's humble servant," he said lightly. "Can I serve you in the Kingdom of New York, whither I go to-morrow before Your Majesty will have arisen?"

"My brief reign will have ended before to-morrow," she returned, looking at him with serious eyes. "That is why all the world obeys my orders to-night."

"A boon before I depart," he continued. "Your Majesty's pardon for certain stupid mistakes——"

"You will remain until I am discrowned, Mr. Ellwood," she interrupted imperiously, and presented him to the small group of men and women in immediate attendance upon her. He had no choice; he took the place indicated near her, and for an hour or more shared with well-assumed ease in the light talk which went on about him. Gradually the dancing drew away the others; the King himself condescended to tread a measure with one of the ladies-in-waiting, and at length they two, the Queen and the artist, were left practically alone in the vast gathering. "Are you not going to congratulate me—Van?" she asked, bending to him with a tremulous smile.

"I congratulate Her Majesty on the brilliance and beauty of her ball. And I congratulate Miss Cecile Bordenave on her success as an actress."

"Van!" she breathed reproachfully. "But I do not blame you, either. Only, listen. I never can tell you how dear it has all been. And that is why I could not bear to explain sooner. Since more than a month I have been *vouée à la pauvreté*—dedicated to poverty——"

"Dedicated to poverty?" He recalled Victor's phrase. "I—I do not understand."

"I know you do not. I saw that almost from the very first, but I did not undeceive you because—well, it is a custom among us Creoles which I must explain to you. In case of some escape from peril—some mortal sickness, or accident, or to avert some impending danger—a mother will dedicate one of her children to poverty for a certain length of time; or a girl will dedicate herself in the same way. During this period the votary must wear plain, even common, clothes, which are afterward given to the poor, laying aside for the moment all her own things—jewels, flowers, silks, everything—giving up the social world, going to mass, and trying, at least, to perform some good deeds. There are five of us sisters, you know" (Ellwood flushed painfully), "and one of us is usually wearing guinea-blue frocks! We have *such* a large connection" (she sighed a little plaintively), "and there is always an aunt or a cousin, or something, going on a journey, or safely returning from one; threatened with an illness or recovered from a fever! Last year it was Claire's turn; the year before Helène dedicated herself. This year I volunteered when my godmother—oh, I confess I did rebel a little at first. But afterward—and when I met you, and you—oh, *Van!* Do you wish to take anything back, now that you know?"

She leaned forward, smiling with girlish gayety in his face. But she drew back frightened at his sombre look.

"Now that I know, I wish to take back everything," he said brusquely.

The color flamed into her cheeks; she threw up her crowned head proudly; but before she could utter the words on her lips, he went on: "I wish to take back everything, because nothing is the same as it was a few hours ago in the old Square—or as I thought it was. You were a governess in a blue calico frock. I was quite able to take care of you—to carry you to my dear old dilapidated home in Virginia, and afterward perhaps to a magnificent flat of four or five rooms in New York, and pour into your lap my magnificent earnings, and into your ears the foolish story of my love. Now, you are not only the jeweled Queen of a night, but the daughter of a wealthy banker, while I——"

"Hush!" The *houillante* tone which he knew so well was in her voice. He was sitting at her feet on a step of the dais; she drew aside her skirts. "You will take back nothing," she said; "I shall hold you to your promise."

"Yes, Your Majesty," he murmured. And he arose and seated himself beside her on the Golden Throne of Love.

West Point as it Was and Is—The Ethics of the Corps

By General Charles King (Class of '66)

IN THE fall of 1863, we, too, had a court of inquiry at West Point to investigate allegations of hazing, and it found, I remember hearing at the time, two cadets of whom it could conscientiously be said they had never taken part in "deviling a plebe." One of these died very soon after.

Only one West Pointer was a member of the 1900 Board. He was in the class that initiated mine, and we have been the best of friends ever since. He is not, however, the survivor of the two above mentioned. The '63 Board differed from that of 1900 in that it had at least two West Pointers, Colonels Shiras and Benét, as members, and they went into the subject with a vim that told heavily on our class—about the unluckiest that ever entered in our day and generation. It was only sixty strong in camp and was unmercifully "deviled" by the class of '65, numerically much stronger. It was the first class to be investigated when, in its turn, it did the usual amount of hazing. It was the first class to suffer the loss of more than half the allotted furlough in punishment for either actively deviling plebes or declining to state, as individuals, what had been the extent of our participation. It was finally graduated in '66, but just after the army had been filled from the Volunteers, and though many men of the class of '65 got their captaincies in two or three years, some of ours only reached theirs in thirty.

We had no friends outside the Point, no influence whatever, no one to care a rap how much we were deviled—indeed, we didn't care very much ourselves!—and in carrying out the old-time tradition of exercising rather more than his fellows the son of a military magnate, we were so unfortunate as to arouse the suspicion of that high and honored official that our pranks at the expense of his boy were intended as indignities personal to himself. No such affront was ever thought of, but—we suffered all the same.

Believing that a joke had been carried too far, the plebe in question challenged his laughing tormentor, fought it out, and couldn't lie when questioned by kinsfolk as to the resultant black eye. Challenger and challenged have been bosom friends for years as brother officers in a brilliant corps, but that contusion was believed to lead up to the investigation of '63 and to the many troubles that followed long after the original grievance was forgotten.

The Punctilio that Surrounds Cadet Fights

"But how *can* cadets fight?" asked a member of the Board of Visitors in '89. "Don't the regulations forbid it?" Certainly they do! And severe punishment is prescribed for those caught in the act, but—they are seldom caught.

A cadet affair of honor is about as square a fight with Nature's weapons as one can see in a coon's age. It is, furthermore, surrounded by all punctilio, this being as unerringly demanded by the cadet code of ethics as ever it was in the duel in the old days of the army and navy. Half a century ago, and for some time thereafter, only two styles were known—the fight by rounds, under the rules of the London prize ring, or "rough and tumble," which meant a fight to the finish, without any intermission whatever. Of late years the Marquis of Queensberry rules have prevailed, and these perhaps are better. Brutal, are they? Well, all fighting is more or less so, but what's a soldier if not a fighter? I've neither space, time nor patience to defend it. See the essay of that honest gentleman, Thomas Hughes, in Tom Brown's School Days, and for "Rugby" read "West Point."

The cadet fight teaches lads to guard tongue and temper, to think twice before they speak once in petulance or irritation, to avoid "evil speaking, lying and slandering," and to utter no word and do no deed for which they do not stand ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

Gives the big bully too much power? Not a bit of it! I never knew a school where the bully was sent so promptly to Coventry. Only twice in my four years' cadetship saw we anything that looked like bullying. In one case the man in fault was cut and shunned by the whole Corps as a result. In the other, "a man of his own size" promptly called the bully to account, and from that day on his path was downward to the speedy end. Cadets must be nearly matched in weight, size or skill or they cannot fight at all—the Corps won't have it! With his year of gymnastic training the yearling is now generally too much for the plebe, but not always.

Where the Battles are Fought Out

Fort Clinton, with its high parapets and grassy inclosure, was the favorite battle-ground of the old days, except in mid-winter, though the meet sometimes came off in Battery Knox or Kosciuszko's Garden. Cadet pickets were always on the alert to give warning of the coming of officers. Each principal had his seconds; and a cadet captain, or at least a first classman, acted as referee. No surgeon attended. Cadets severely pummeled went to hospital and got excused from military duty for a day or two on the score of "contusions"—and no questions asked. No time was wasted after the men reached the ground. All preliminaries had been settled elsewhere. Coats and caps were doffed; rings, if worn, removed. The lads faced each other, the referee gave the word "Go!" and go it was, hot and heavy, until one at last became so exhausted that his seconds cried "Enough." Then, time and again have principals and seconds shaken hands and become staunch friends. A square fight settled once and for all what would elsewhere or otherwise have proved a long, snarling feud.

Famous fights there were in the war days. I mind me of one gallant fellow whose dash and valor at Santiago won him the double stars, who, when a second classman, dared to fling down the gauntlet to the toughest customer, with one possible exception, in the senior class; and that combat was a stunner. Science, agility and pluck told over weight, years and experience, and the first class colors were lowered. Another famous battle was between the same first classman and the biggest first sergeant in the Corps, another member of the second class. I wonder if the latter ever thought of it when, long years thereafter, he meted out justice as Superintendent of the Academy? 'Sixty-four was a class that had many a "scrap," even among its own members, for one of its most gifted men, mentally and physically, had the faculty of rubbing his comrades' fur the wrong way, and being forever ready to do battle for either fault or principle. Yet, when he challenged the head of the first class—a noble head, too—his latest antagonist went up as his second, the class stood by him loyally, and the men showered congratulations on him.

Laying Low a Cadet Hercules

A battle royal was that between the champion of our class, long since laid low in Indian battle, and "the strong man from Baltimore"—a cadet who was never graduated, but who achieved distinction of another kind as a Sandow of the Sixties. Our man won in a round of furious fighting, for he had hitting power and science to pit against the Marylander's Herculean strength.

The longest fight was one of the few West Point affairs that had a woman at bottom. Both combatants had to be aided to hospital when the thing was over, and they were put into adjoining beds in a little ward all to themselves, so that reconciliation was not long in coming. A brilliant battle, for both were pretty boxers, was that in '62 between a cadet lieutenant of Company "A," now high in the Staff Corps, and a cadet private of the same company whose name is known around the globe, and not only because of his being the head of a great railway. A fierce battle was that in '61 (informally refereed by Custer, kept back several days after the graduation of his class), wherein a plucky plebe pitched into the head of the senior class, a soldier who won the stars of a brigadier for daring on a dozen fields before ever his younger antagonist had doffed the cadet gray; and they became warmest friends before ever the senior graduated.

Press correspondents, who professed to be incensed with the censor of their dispatches at Manila in the spring of '99, probably little imagined that that most affable and courteous official was one of the best middle-weight boxers ever graduated from the Point. They had not witnessed, as I did, his memorable battle with a bigger man in "A" Company street one summer afternoon in '65. The system that prevails to-day of choosing a man to represent a classmate who has been affronted by a heavier weight of another class is not new, and generally the match-makers are fair.

Once, in '64, the yearlings forced a fight on a most gallant lad who had easily whipped one of their number. I saw the first affair. The yearling was much the bigger man, and emphatically the aggressor. The plebe was slim, light built, blue-eyed, almost boyish looking, but he had been picked out for bravery from the cavalry of a brave Western State,

Editor's Note—This is the second of three papers by General King, showing life at West Point from the viewpoint of an army officer who was educated there.

and in less than five minutes had his tall oppressor in chancery, and the yearling had sufficient sense to cry enough. A few days later the plebe was called out by a classmate of the defeated cadet. Now, in justice to the challengers, it must be said that their man had hitherto made no display of fistic ability at West Point, although his physique was superb. The plebe, too, had won a battle over a bigger man. I'm glad I didn't see the fight that followed. Iowa was clearly outclassed by Ohio from the start, but was never whipped until, after forty minutes of superb defensive battling, human endurance could stand no more. Both combatants had won distinction in the Western Volunteers, but Ohio had every advantage in point of years, weight and, as it turned out, science and skill. His was the temporary, but Iowa's the lasting victory, for the latter was never challenged or hazed again. No man in my day at West Point was held in higher honor.

Cadet ethics have, or had, their peculiarities. To lie, to sneak or to steal are crimes unforgivable. The lad guilty of any one of them—goes. Even though court martial should hesitate to convict; even though the maturer minds of commissioned officers sitting in judgment give the accused the benefit of a possible doubt and refuse to dismiss, the Corps knows no such sophistry. Cut, ostracized and held in contempt, the culprit dwells alone. The Corps gives him a "silence" that some few may stagger under to the day of graduation and then live to redeem their name, but in most cases the silent ostracism of the battalion is sufficient to crush and the lad resigns. When marked copies of papers begin to come from that fellow's congressional district, and West Point is held up for all manner of crimes, it is not hard to fix the authorship. Our class "ran out" a versatile youth in '63 for thieving right and left. He stood self-confessed when confronted with the array of evidence, and I should be declared a scoffer at sacred things were I to say where next he appeared.

It may be remembered that when a British officer ran away in South Africa and left the young Prince Imperial to his fate, a court martial had to acquit him because of a technicality, but when his comrades sent him to Coventry he resigned.

Christians Respected at West Point

Right here let me say that some of the noblest and purest Christians I ever knew avowed their faith while cadets at West Point, and were stalwart fighters, too. Upton, Parsons and Hulbert G. Townsend, whose lamented death in '63 threw the whole Corps into mourning, were men who could and did fight as well as pray. There never lived a merrier spirit, a more "pranksome" fellow at the expense of the plebes, and a more practical Christian, than the present revered head of a most important department at the Point, and there was never a case of the stricken, or even the guilty, that he did not do his best to relieve, no matter how unpopular the subject.

But it is hard for the layman to understand the Code of the Corps. Be ready to fight, yet never seem too eager, was the creed, and very delicate was the adjustment between the extremes. Any imputation of falsehood called for instant satisfaction. A sneer was tantamount to open insult. A blow could never be withdrawn and apologized for. It must be "fought out." To talk behind a man's back was womanish, intolerable. "Don't come to me to say what you think of Brown," was the impatient snub to the would-be slanderer. "There he is. Go tell him yourself." In other words, never say *of* a man what you didn't say *to* him. Another thing, if you had anything to say to a man by way of objection or criticism, it must be said fairly, squarely and openly, never mumbled, muttered or spoken in an aside. "Speak out or shut up" was the lesson taught from the start. As for fighting because of mere hazing, it was held to be uncalled for. No insult was intended unless a plebe in some way angered an older cadet, and this led to his being ducked or having hands laid on him. Then a challenge was expected. If it came under other circumstances, why, of course, said the Corps, it must be honored, but the situation was not such as to demand it. These are things at which we may smile, and our detractors sneer to-day, but they served their purpose. Truth, honor, courage and manhood were developed, and they are the cardinal virtues of the American soldier.

Census Disclosures

By Samuel E. Moffett

THE steady drift of population toward the cities, noticeable not only throughout American history but throughout the world, is as marked as ever in the returns of the census of 1900. The increase in the population of the larger cities is less than it was in the decade from 1880 to 1890, but it is far in advance of that for the country as a whole. Indeed, in many States the entire increase is in the cities and towns, and the rural population shows an actual decline.

In the State of New York almost two-thirds of the entire population live in cities of over 25,000 inhabitants. A clear majority of all the people of the State are found in two cities of over 350,000, and almost half in a single municipality of 3,437,202. A majority of the inhabitants of Massachusetts and Rhode Island are settled in cities of over 25,000, and if the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia be considered as one territory, as they really are, a majority of their people will be found in the same condition. They have 21,248,279 inhabitants in all, or between a third and a fourth of the total population of the United States, and 10,855,747 of these, or 231,607 more than a majority, are residents of cities of over 25,000 inhabitants.

The urban growth would have been much more striking than it has been but for the development of transportation facilities that enable so many of the people who work in the cities to live in the suburbs. Every great city has its ring of suburban towns that have grown more rapidly than itself. New York has grown at the rate of 37.8 per cent., the larger part of which is strictly suburban; Yonkers at the rate of 49.6 per cent. Philadelphia has gained 23.5 per cent.; Camden 30.2 per cent. Boston has gained 25 per cent.; Cambridge 31.2 per cent. San Francisco has gained 14.6 per cent.; Oakland 37.5 per cent.

The United States is now far in the lead of all other countries in the number of its great centres of population. There are only two cities in the world of over three million inhabitants each, and we have one of them. There are only eleven in all of over a million; we have three. No other country has over two. If we take Germany, Austria and France, which have in the aggregate almost double our population, we find that they have, all put together, three cities of over a million people each against our three, two of from half a million to a million against our three, eight of from a quarter to half a million against our nine, and thirty-two of from 100,000 to 250,000 against our twenty-three. Nowhere but in the United States are there a New York, a Chicago and a Philadelphia under one flag.

Two of the most remarkable cases of advance among the large cities are those of St. Joseph and Los Angeles, which have gone up respectively from fifty-fourth place to thirty-fourth, and from fifty-sixth to thirty-sixth. The most remarkable retrogression is that of Omaha, which has gone back from twentieth to thirty-fifth place. Of the 159 cities containing more than 25,000 inhabitants each, only seven, Omaha, Albany, Troy, Saginaw, Lincoln, Sioux City and Bay City, have had an absolute decline.

With a few exceptions, such as Los Angeles, Memphis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle and Spokane, the most rapidly growing cities fall into two distinct groups, one in the Central West, especially in the lake region, and the other in the Northeast. Many towns in New England have increased at the rate of over fifty per cent: New Bedford, for instance, with a growth of 53.2 per cent.; Somerville, Massachusetts, with 53.5 per cent.; Waterbury, Connecticut, with 60; Hartford with 50, and New Britain with 57.3. This has upset the old calculations, according to which the Eastern States were generally to come to a standstill, like a run-down clock, while all the expanding energies of the country poured into the far West. Now that the people are gathering into the cities, the limit of density of population has been pushed indefinitely into the distance. Eastern Massachusetts is practically one vast city. The average density of its population is nearly six hundred to the square mile, which is more than that of any country of Europe. And still it grows more rapidly than the new States of the prairies, and its pace is steadily accelerating.

It is curious to see how some States gather their urban population into great single masses while others scatter it among a number of smaller centres. Maryland has only one city of over 25,000 inhabitants, but that one contains 508,957 people. Iowa has six cities of over 25,000 each, but all of them together have only 218,259. Louisiana has one city of 287,104 inhabitants; the adjoining State of Texas has five cities of over 25,000, with only 205,069 in all.

Remarkable Coincidences in Growth

There have been many remarkable coincidences in this growth of cities. In 1890 Atlantic City had 13,055 inhabitants, and Passaic 13,028. In 1900 Atlantic City had 27,838 and Passaic 27,777. The rate of growth was precisely the same for both—113.2 per cent.

Kansas City, Rochester and St. Paul had respectively 132,716, 133,156 and 133,896 in 1890. In 1900 they had 163,752, 163,065 and 162,608.

Cleveland and Buffalo have run a very close race for twenty years, with the Ohio city just a lap ahead all the time. In 1880 Cleveland had 160,146 inhabitants to Buffalo's 155,134. In 1890 Cleveland had risen to 261,353 and Buffalo to 255,664. In 1900 Cleveland's population was 381,768 and Buffalo's 352,387.

But the most remarkable case of all is that of Detroit and Milwaukee. These two cities have held the same relative rank for five successive censuses. In 1860 they were nineteenth and twentieth, in 1870 eighteenth and nineteenth, in 1880 the same, in 1890 fifteenth and sixteenth, and in 1900 thirteenth and fourteenth. In 1850 Detroit had 21,017 inhabitants and Milwaukee 20,061. In 1860 the figures were 45,617 and 45,246; in 1870, 71,577 and 71,440; in 1880, 116,340 and 115,587; in 1890, 205,876 and 204,468, and in 1900, 285,704 and 285,315.

The old rivalries between Chicago and St. Louis and between Minneapolis and St. Paul have ended in the unquestioned supremacy of Chicago, which now has about three times the population of St. Louis, and in the marked superiority of Minneapolis, which has a fourth more inhabitants than St. Paul. Thirty years ago St. Louis and Chicago were neck and neck, with St. Louis a trifle in the lead—310,864 to 298,977. Twenty years ago Minneapolis had only 46,887 inhabitants to St. Paul's 41,473, and ten years before that St. Paul was ahead with 20,030 against 18,079 for Minneapolis.

A later rivalry was that between Seattle and Tacoma. In 1880 these were villages of 3533 and 1098 inhabitants respectively. In 1890 Seattle had 42,837 people and Tacoma 36,006. The race was hot then, and each town felt certain that it was to be the future metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. Now Seattle has 80,671 inhabitants, a gain of 88.3 per cent. in ten years, and Tacoma has 37,714, a gain of only 4.7 per cent. The contest seems to be over, and apparently we shall all have to say "Mount Rainier" instead of "Mount Tacoma," distasteful as that barbarism will be to many of us.

A comparison of the roll of cities now with that at the time of our first census, in 1790, discloses some strange mutations of fortune. In 1790 the fourth city in the United States was Charleston, South Carolina, now the sixty-eighth. The seventh was Salem, Massachusetts, now the one hundred and tenth. There were only six cities of over 8000 inhabitants; not even a village west of the Alleghenies had a place on the census roll, and even in the East there was no Jersey City, Newark or Washington. If one had been asked in those days what were the important cities of America he would have mentioned, in addition to those giant centres of population, New York with its 33,131 inhabitants, Philadelphia with its 28,522, and Charleston with its 16,359, such flourishing towns as Newport, Providence, Taunton, Richmond, Albany, New Bedford, Haverhill and Lynn. If you had spoken of Chicago the well-informed American would not have been at a loss. "Oh, yes," he would have said, "you mean the portage where the Indians carry their canoes from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River."

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Moffett, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of January 19.

Love's Alphabet

By Edwin L. Sabin

A the Art of man and maid.
B the Blush, so fair, displayed.
C the Challenge in the eyes.
D the Dart that quick replies.
E—but why the rest recall?
The rest is E-Z: that is all.

OUR CITIES IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Washington—its Present and its Future

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Front view of the White House

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM H. RAU, PHILA.
The Washington Monument

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.
The National Capitol

THE District of Columbia is the national capital. The city of Washington is the immediate seat of the Government of the United States. The Federal District, which was provided for in the Constitution, and in the act of Congress of 1790, was originally, as selected by President Washington out of the territory on the Potomac offered by Maryland and Virginia, ten miles square. But since the retrocession, in 1846, of the territory on the Virginia side of the Potomac, the land area of the District amounts to about seventy square miles. The District of Columbia, placed by the Constitution in the exclusive control of Congress, is governed, under the act of Congress of 1878 (which the Supreme Court of the United States has termed "the Constitution of the District of Columbia"), by a Board of three Commissioners, one of whom is always an officer of high rank of the Corps of Engineers of the Army, the other two being civilians, appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. The Commissioners serve for a term of three years, under the direction of the President, to whom they make an annual report; but the District has been held, nevertheless, by the United States Supreme Court, to be a municipal corporation. Under the act of 1878 the people of the District of Columbia lost the elective franchise, and the United States Government, which owns more than one-half of the land of the District, and had paid no taxes and made no regular contribution to the expenses of the District for seventy-eight years, promised to pay one-half of the expenses for the future. Before that time there had been no permanent government for the District of Columbia, and very little recognition of it in Congressional legislation, except during the period from 1871 to 1874, when Congress maintained a full-fledged territorial form of government, with a legislature, a delegate in Congress and a Governor. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia are the successors of the Governor of the District of Columbia and not of the Mayor of Washington, who was the chief ruler of the District of Columbia before 1871. It seems necessary to repeat these facts about the government of the District of Columbia because so many educated people do not seem to know them. It is a constant cause of surprise to Americans, as well as foreigners, that there is no voting for any political officer in the District of Columbia, and comparatively few people seem to understand that the city of Washington has no government except that of the District of Columbia.

The Growth and Beauties of Washington

Under the present form of government, the District of Columbia, so long retarded in its development by the neglect of the general Government, has greatly improved, and has nearly doubled in population and in wealth. The city of Washington now includes Georgetown, the old Scotch town that antedates the District of Columbia, and which is the seat of the famous old institution of the Jesuits, Georgetown College. It also includes several smaller places, and has spread out over the hills to the north of the old-time city limits until it is almost coterminous with the District of Columbia. At the present rate of growth practically the entire District of Columbia, outside of the park reservations, will in fifty years be built up with the city of Washington. The rapid transit provided by what is considered the best street railway system in the United States, all underground electric, there being no overhead trolleys within the city limits, has made the suburbs available, and, in some respects, the most desirable residence quarters, especially in hot summers when the elevation of one or two hundred feet above the old city, which is almost at tide level, makes a delightful difference.

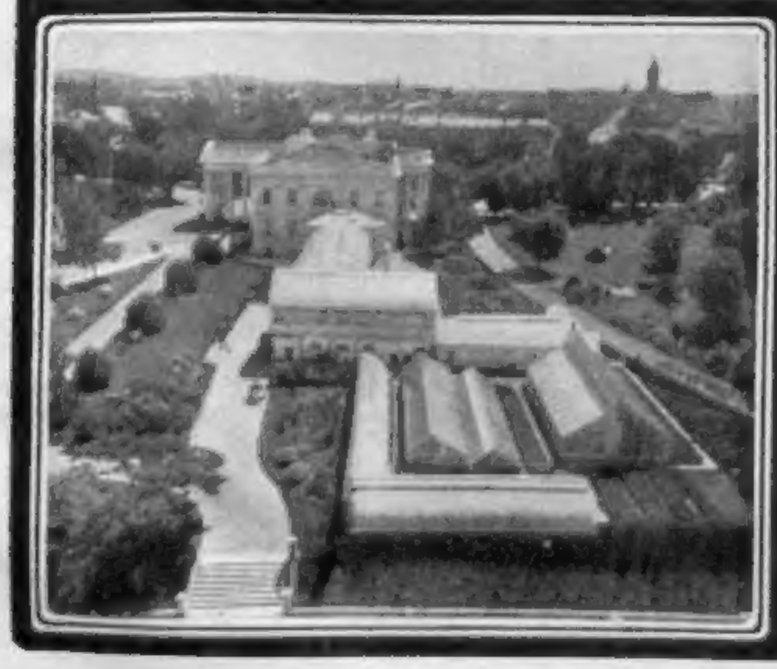
Besides the suburbs within the District line, there are a dozen prosperous towns and villages a few miles out, along the lines of the railroads entering Washington, which are practically part of the District; while Alexandria, and even the city of Baltimore, which is only forty-five minutes away on the railroad, are used as places of residence by many people in Government employ or in private business.

The official reports of the United States census taken in June last give the population of the District as 278,718, but there is every reason to believe that this is at least 10,000 less than the real number, for fully that many people would be away for the summer on the first of June. The census of all large cities ought to be taken on the first of January.

While the District of Columbia is primarily a place for government and residence uses, it has considerable manufacturing and commercial interests, although it sells very little to the outside world.

An Industry that no Panic can Affect

The great industry, so to speak, is that of the United States Government, which gives employment to about 20,000 persons, to whom is paid about $23,000,000 a year, which gives the unique economic condition of practical commercial stability. No matter what panics or industrial depressions may occur in the country, the business of the Government goes on and the steady stream of Government expenditure continues, increased in volume from time to time when any new public building is erected or any other unusual outlay is made. It is estimated that, besides salaries, the Federal Government expended in the District of Columbia during the century just closed about $200,000,000, the greater portion for Government buildings, Government parks and other things owned absolutely by the Government, although since 1878 it has paid on an average about $3,000,000 a year as its share of the general expenses of the government of the District of Columbia. It is interesting to know that the total valuation of all property in the District of Columbia is about $410,000,000, of which about forty-seven and one-half per cent. is taxable, the rest belonging to the United States, and being, therefore, exempt. These figures represent a considerable amount of capital invested in commercial and manufacturing enterprises demanded by the local needs. The 2295 manufacturing establishments reported in the census of ten years ago produced a product valued at $39,296,259, on an aggregate capital of $28,876,258, and it is believed that there has been a large increase since that time.



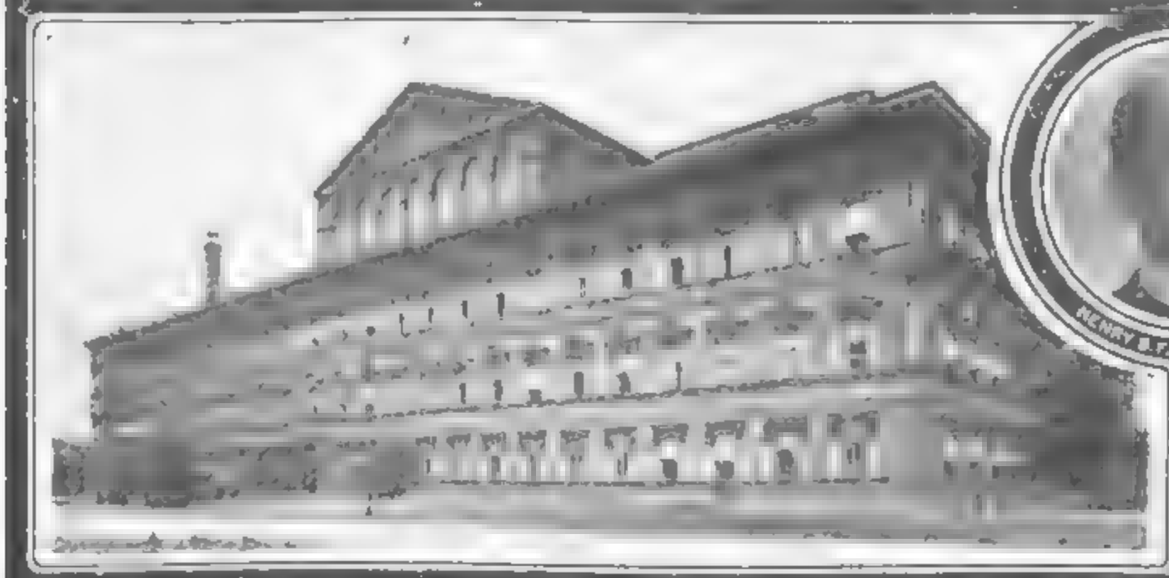
The White House Conservatories
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Corcoran Art Gallery
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pennsylvania Avenue, looking east from the Treasury Department
PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

By HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND

President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia



The Pension Bureau

The Treasury Department

But Washington is not the place to make fortunes and people do not come to Washington for that purpose. It is rather a resort; first for the winter months, and then for most of the year, of people who have made fortunes, small or great, in the distinctively commercial and manufacturing cities elsewhere. Since, under the Civil Service Act of 1883, as administered with more or less fidelity by every President, the tenure of the civil servant in the executive departments has been made stable, it is probable that more people come to Washington merely to reside than come to seek or to take offices, except when the Census Bureau is organized, once in ten years, when, for a short time, a large temporary force of clerks is employed. The heads of the departments and the higher officials change with the political complexion of the Administration, but the great majority of the subordinates remain from one Administration to another, and, with their families, amount to something less than a third of the entire population of the District of Columbia. The other two thirds are made up of the people of leisure, those engaged in commercial and manufacturing enterprises, and the servants and laborers.

A Government Without Rings or Bribery

The government of the District of Columbia is the best in the United States, since there are no political bosses or rings, and neither bribery nor corruption. The cosmopolitan character of its social life is due to the presence of the Government, the Diplomatic Corps, prominent officers of the Army and Navy, and visitors from all over the United States and the world. Intellectual opportunities are afforded by the Library of Congress, by the great scientific collections of the Government, by the colleges, and by the scientific societies, which are maintained by scientists in Government employ, who are more numerous than in any other city in the United States, if not in the world. The opportunity of hearing the debates in Congress, the frequent interesting spectacles and gatherings of distinguished men, the mild climate and the peculiar attractiveness of the beautiful city and its surroundings, bring to Washington every year an increasing number of most desirable citizens. They find that it has admirable churches and a fine public school system, besides excellent private institutions of learning, first-class newspapers, good clubs and all the other necessaries of a modern city. They find that it has efficient municipal service—street, fire, police and scavenger—good lighting arrangements, and a fairly good water supply and sewage system. Its parks and its hundred thousand trees, the noble Government buildings and the fine private residences, all free from the soot and dirt which make some cities so unattractive, are always praised. Yet Washington, beautiful though it is, can be improved, and those who love it best are the most anxious to see improvements made.

Some of them, long desired, are already under way. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of $350,000 and the appropriation by Congress of part of a small park in the centre of the city make possible the free public library which Washington has never had. It is now under construction and will be ready for use in March, 1902, when, for the first time, the residents of Washington will have a first class circulating library, for except for the use of Congressmen and a limited number of officials, no books are allowed to leave the Library of Congress.

Millions to Abolish Grade Crossings

The abolition of grade crossings on the steam railroads within the District of Columbia, for which the citizens and the Commissioners have been laboring so long, will probably be provided for at this session by act of Congress, and soon be begun under plans whose carrying out will cost about $11,000,000, including the expenditure on two new railway stations. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has had a station near the Capitol for over half a century, and has occupied, in a great Y, a good deal of the northeast portion of the city and the District. The Pennsylvania Railroad, or rather, the Baltimore and Potomac, which it operates, has had, since 1876, a station on the Mall just south of Pennsylvania Avenue, and its tracks have occupied streets in southeast Washington, while the Southern railroads, connecting with it over the Long Bridge, have occupied streets in southwest Washington. The "servitude" thus imposed upon the streets of Washington has been more than a legal term. It has cost human lives every year; it has hindered the advancement of large sections of the city; it has caused vast annoyance and inconvenience. Of late years the railroad companies have shown a desire to charge all this by doing away with the grade crossings, and after much discussion and negotiation between their representatives and those of Congress and of the District of Columbia, plans have been agreed upon which have been embodied in legislation. Under those bills, all the tracks are to be either depressed or elevated so as to abolish grade crossings within the District of Columbia, and two handsome terminal stations are to be erected. These features of the legislation are, of course, very popular in the District of Columbia. But the provision made for partial compensation to the railroads is not so generally approved. Under this provision the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is to receive a million and a half in money, half to be paid by the United States and half by the District of Columbia, and the Pennsylvania Railroad is to receive rights in the park known as the Mall, and in certain streets, which are estimated to be worth two million dollars. The railroads, of course, contend that they are making the changes in response to public demand and not primarily for their own advantage, and that this is only just compensation.

Pressing Need for a New Water Supply

Perhaps the most pressing needs of the District of Columbia are a better water supply and a better system for the disposal of sewage. Plans for the extension of the water supply service, and for a filtration plant in connection with it, have been matured by the United States Army Engineers charged with the task, and work under the plans for the former has been begun. A scientific

The Smithsonian Institution

The Congressional Library

The Agricultural Department

system for the sanitary disposition of the sewage of the city has also been planned by the United States Army Engineers, and is partially completed. But it is regarded by everybody in Washington as very desirable that all these plans should be executed more expeditiously than the appropriations made by Congress have hitherto permitted, and in the name of the health and comfort of the city the Commissioners of the District have asked Congress to provide means for larger annual expenditures on this account, so that the work may be completed at the earliest possible day. The Commissioners coupled with these two projects the great need of the government of the District for a building for its offices. The District government has never had a building of its own, but since the organization of the Territorial government, in 1871, has gone from one rented building to another, and is now paying a large annual rental for inadequate quarters, which are not fireproof, and in which are necessarily stored archives and records (including all the records of the underground constructions) that could not be replaced except at a great cost, if at all. The need for a District government building has been admitted for years by Congress after Congress, but lack of money, or, perhaps, lack of interest, has prevented Congress from providing for it. Now, however, there is, apparently, a desire on the part of Congress to meet this need, and it is hoped that the purchase of a suitable site and the erection of a worthy building will soon be authorized.

The very successful celebration on the twelfth of December, 1900, of the centennial of the establishment of the seat of government in the District of Columbia, in which the President, his Cabinet, the Supreme Court, Congress, the Diplomatic Corps, the Governors of the States and Territories and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, with others, participated, strongly drew the attention not only of the National Government but of the entire country to the District of Columbia, and gave it an interest which it has never had before. This was apparent in the new vigor infused into all projects for the beautification of the city of Washington and its surroundings. The intense pride of the nation in its capital, and its generous purpose to make it all that it ought to be, were brought out clearly by this celebration, which gave a great stimulus to all ideas for the improvement of the District of Columbia, especially on the æsthetic side. The speeches delivered during the celebration, at the Executive Mansion and at the Capitol, dwelt on this, and immediately afterward propositions were broached in both houses of Congress for the creation of a commission of experts to form plans for the enhancement of the beauty of the District on a more comprehensive scale than ever before. The construction of the proposed magnificent memorial bridge to connect the city of Washington, west of the Executive Mansion, with Arlington, across the Potomac; the improvement of the parks, and especially of the Mall extending from the Capitol to the White House, and of what is called Potomac Park, a great tract of land reclaimed from the former "flats" or marshes; and suggestions for the sites of future Government buildings with regard to their relation to other architecture, are among the subjects which, it was proposed, such a commission of experts should consider together with the question as to whether the Executive Mansion should be enlarged, and if so, how, or whether some other provision should be made elsewhere for the better accommodation of the President of the United States, whose private quarters in the Executive Mansion are entirely too small, and who also needs larger apartments for the exercise of official hospitality.

The experts might also take into consideration the grouping and distribution of a number of Government buildings which have long been urgently required. Indeed, every one of the great executive departments has had to rent buildings and ought to be provided with new ones. The rentals paid by the Government in the District of Columbia are more than the interest on a sum sufficient to construct all the new buildings that are needed by the Government.

It is evident that the improvements which might be called local to the District of Columbia, including, besides those which have been enumerated, the completion of the harbor work on the Potomac River and the proper treatment of the Eastern Branch, or Anacostia River, on which the United States Navy Yard is situated, cannot be made promptly and properly with the annual revenues of the District of Columbia and the corresponding appropriations out of the National Treasury. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have recommended to Congress that one of two plans be adopted for providing the necessary money: first, that it be advanced from the United States Treasury, the District's half to be repaid in annual installments without interest; or, second, that two per cent. bonds be issued for the District's half, with principal and interest guaranteed by the United States. Unless one of these plans be adopted the improvements will go forward in a very unsatisfactory manner, and be more costly in the end.

The District of Columbia is, to use Senator Vest's phrase, "the eternal capital of the eternal Republic." It is hard to realize now that the removal of the national capital to Senator Vest's own State of Missouri was talked about as late as thirty years ago. The removal of the national capital, however, has never been seriously considered since the Civil War. As the nation expanded across the continent in the early part of the century the proposition to remove the capital to a more central point, in order to provide for better communication, seemed entirely natural, especially as the District of Columbia was not then attractive. But the steamboat, the locomotive and the telegraph destroyed the argument for removal based on distance in time and space. Then, when the North and South had contended in the Civil War over the national capital, it became impossible to remove it. Washington had become not only the seat of the Government, but of the sovereignty of the nation. It symbolized the preserved Union.

The future of the national capital is as bright as the future of the nation. It is certain to grow in size and beauty, and to have continued prosperity. At the end of its second century it may have a million inhabitants, and it will certainly have such wealth and attractiveness as can hardly be imagined now. It may become necessary to enlarge the present District of Columbia, not only by securing again what Virginia gave and then took back, but perhaps by enlarging the original boundaries, with the cooperation of Maryland and Virginia. It will be the most splendid capital in the world.

Former-Lieutenant Lestrelin *By* Vance Thompson

HE CAME down the steps of the "Elevated" slowly, his hand on the rail. He had not got his land legs yet, and then he was ill. There were seeds of old fevers in his blood. He stepped out into the little eddy of noise and motion that gathers at the point where Broadway and Sixth Avenue cross. No cabman raised his whip with a respectful, "Cab, sir?" Lestrelin flushed a little. In other days he was not the sort of man that cabmen overlooked as he strolled in Broadway. He was in a weak, black mood. He said to himself: "This is the beginning; I might have known what would happen if I came back to New York." For a moment he stood looking about him fretfully. Not even the newsboys approached him. The cheery, windblown old woman who sells papers under the shadow of Greeley's statue did not give him a second glance. He had never felt quite so much alone. Even on the steamer that brought him from Manila to San Francisco it was better, for though no one had spoken to him, there were always the "boo's'n" birds or the gray albatross flapping down and then wheeling away as from a plague ship. He was alone, and yet of all the faces that passed him it seemed to him there was not one he did not know. Everything spoke of home. The clang of the cable car, the dull rush of the overhead trains, the cries of the newsboys—all this was New York; all this was home. How he had dreamed of it, thought of it, longed for it—the great iron city, with its clanging highways and bustling life.

Well, he was home.

Lestrelin tossed his head with a hint of his old jauntiness and turned on his heel. He crossed Broadway and walked down to a familiar hotel. His hat over his eyes, he traversed the white marble corridor and turned to his right into the breakfast-room. The old head waiter, fiddling his gray side-whiskers, watched him in a puzzled way for a moment; then he came forward smiling: "Mr. Lestrelin!" he said, "it's good to see you again, sir—the old seat by the window, sir? Yes, sir."

He bustled about, taking hat and coat, preparing the choice table at the corner, which faces the windows on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. Lestrelin sank glumly into the big leathern chair and rested his elbow on the table.

"It's good to see you back, sir," said the old waiter; "from the war, sir? We heard you'd been wounded, sir, or killed—soup, sir? No? Try the sole, sir; it came by the French steamer this afternoon; I can recommend it, sir. And a filet? And your own claret? Not too warm, of course, sir—merely a hot napkin to take the chill off; yes, sir. It's good to see you, sir," said Fritz.

Lestrelin stared at the white tablecloth. He could not get his thoughts together. He took from his pocket a leathern tobacco pouch and rolled a cigarette. As he lit it he caught a glimpse of his face in the gilt-rimmed mirror opposite him. He studied it—a thin, pale, boyish face. The eyes were steady and brown; the mouth was kind, the chin and nose were strong. It was a sad young face, well bred and handsome, in a frame of thick, dark hair. The smoke from his cigarette made a little blur between his eyes and the mirror.

"I wonder if that's the type of a coward's face?" he said to himself.

And so his thoughts were back on the old problem—they quested it like hounds—worried it like cats. He remembered the beginning. Every one had said he would never have got his commission had he not been old "Dave" Lestrelin's son. The newspapers had jibed at him, they said he was "a rich man's son," a "college dude." In this pen and ink warfare he had become a party issue. And the fellows at the club had given him a banquet before he went away to the war. His stepmother, the tears in her eyes—for she knew what war was—had kissed him, saying: "You will always remember that you are your father's son—and think how proud he was of his name."

"And am I not proud, mother—to be David Lestrelin's son?" he had said. Very brave, too, he looked in his new uniform—Lieutenant Roger Lestrelin.

His cigarette had gone out, his fish on the silver dish in front of him was chilling in its sauce; his thoughts were far across the world. He saw a little valley, a muddy stream going down it; at the bend of the stream a cluster of houses made of yellow bamboo, twisted into a kind of wicker work; beyond, green hillsides with a little moon glimmering over them like a candle; he saw his men—eighteen of them—grouped near the doorway, joking, heard old MacFeredith's cry as the death-bullet reached him, felt again the blood splash in his face, heard the bullets whistling in the air and zipping the grass, felt again the horror that choked him as he turned and ran blindly——

Then the court martial; the disgrace, the clamor of the newspapers—and this pitiful home-coming. He was David Lestrelin's son, and they would not even shoot him. Mathewson, a West-Pointer, had consoled him: "Don't worry, my prince; you can still lead a cotillon.

"Long years and great happiness—great honor and great riches—a husband who loves you better than his life"

Nothing else, sir?" said the waiter. "No, sir? It's your wound, sir, I suppose—you must take care of yourself, Mr Lestrelin."

Lestrelin laughed.

"I do," he said grimly.

He tossed some money on the table and went out, feeling a hint of new strength. "I must go and face mother," he said as he walked along. A few streets up the Avenue brought him to his mother's house. He rang. The maid who opened the door was new to him.

"I am Mr. Lestrelin," he said; "tell my mother I am here."

The maid hesitated.

"Mrs. Lestrelin is at Newport," she said "and I don't —"

"Are none of the old servants here?"

[illegible]k.

"Very well, tell her I've come home Lestrelin, said, pushing past her. "I'm going to my room."

He caught a glimpse of the drawing room, the floor and the furniture all sheeted with linen, and climbed the familiar stairs to his room. When he had turned up the electric light he saw his trunks scattered about the floor, his pictures and odds and ends from the club. On the tables were letters and cards—the accumulation of happier months a half year ago. There was dust everywhere; in his dressing room there was dust, in the bathtub, and dust on his sponges and brushes. It was as though a [illegible] house of the dead. And it seemed to him as though he had neither life nor feeling in him, as though there were dust on his heart and dust on his brain.

The maid knocked at the door.

"Mrs. Lestrelin did not expect you, sir, but there is a letter for you that she left. Can I do anything for you, sir?"

"Clean up here," Roger said, "I'm going to dress."

He walked over toward the bureau, where the light was brightest, to read his stepmother's letter. And he read:

> Oh, Roger, how could you! You have broken my heart and disgraced us forever. You must not come to Newport this season. It is all I can do to bear it alone. You had better go abroad until this blows over. Mr Buckworth says that you have been badly treated and that it is all politics, but that won't help you at Newport at all. I always told your father that he was bringing you up wrong and if he were alive now and could hear what people say, I'm sure he'd agree with me for once. And before you went away you promised to *remember the name!* I can't say anything [illegible] you have broken my heart! If your poor father knew. K. E. L.

Roger put the letter back in its envelope and laid it down on the bureau.

"She's right," he said wearily.

He paced the long room to and fro. He stopped now and then and glanced up at his father's picture. The face was curiously like his own, strong and narrow and dark—the face of this man who might have been President. Roger tried to think what his father would have done had he been in his place that moment when old MacFeredith's blood had splashed over him. With a gesture of repugnance that had come to him scores of times—that had grown almost a daily habit—he rubbed his eyes with the flat of his hand. And always he walked to and fro, to and fro, a dull pain in heart and head.

"I've finished, sir," the maid said. "Is there anything else?"

"No," he said; "leave a latch-key for me on the hall table—that's all."

"You will not dine, sir?"

"No—nothing—I want nothing," he said.

When the door was closed he took off his clothes—stained and travel-worn they were, and flecked, it seemed to him, with shame as well as dirt. His bath put courage into him. He felt some of his youth coming back to him as he fretted his skin with the rough towels. It was pleasant, too, to step into the cool, clean linen and to feel the black propriety of evening clothes once more. He slipped on a long overcoat and looked at himself in the glass; he was all right—very pale, perhaps, but otherwise the Roger Lestrelin of other days. He snapped open his opera hat and brushed it. Then—it was an old orderly habit—he searched the pockets of the suit he had been wearing. Soiled handkerchiefs—he threw them to the floor; his tobacco pouch—he thrust it into his overcoat pocket, his money—still a few pieces of gold, speaking of San Francisco; his little gun-metal watch with a leathern thong—he slipped it into his trousers' pocket; a letter—it must have been one forwarded from the club, Lestrelin thought; he looked at the envelope—John Buckworth's sprawling handwriting.

"I can't read that now," he muttered; "not after mother's letter—not now."

He doubled it into his pocket and went out.

Roger Lestrelin walked down Fifth Avenue, crossed Forty-second Street to Broadway, turned down past the opera. The lobby was crowded with correct and impassive men; little women, trussed up like fowls, scurried across the sidewalk from their carriages, some of them Lestrelin knew. There was Ryle, for instance, who was standing near the door smiling.

"How d'you do, old man?" Lestrelin said.

Ryle tossed his cigarette into the street, turned on his heel and walked into the [illegible]. He said never a word, he did not even look at the young man. Lestrelin stifled a fierce

The "boo'n" birds or the gray albatross flapping down and then wheeling away as from a plague-ship

desire to cry aloud—to rush at him—to end all his ignominy in some act of savagery. But he had not been bred to that sort of thing. Years of social propriety had schooled him into a fear of making himself ridiculous. And then, what could he do? Ryle owed him money. He crossed the street to a hotel café. He was not thirsty, but he had eaten no dinner, and the weakness of an old fever was on him; he felt faint.

"Give me a glass of hot milk," he said, "and shake some cinnamon in it."

And there, leaning against the marble bar, the cigar-lighter throwing a light on the paper, he read John Buckworth's letter. Twice he read it.

These words:

> *Dear Rodge:* You'll get this letter somewhere. I sent copies to your house, your club, and wired you to Frisco. Buck up, my boy. There's one man who don't go back on Dave Lestrelin's son, and that's me. I know you since you had teeth and I'm sure of you. That Filipino biz must have been crooked, and I know it and I'll set it straight. Don't worry. Come straight to me—at my place at Benhill-on-Hudson. Come at once. Peter, at the station, will drive you up. Don't wait for anything.
>
> Have you seen it in the papers? Then you know what's on. The wedding is set for the 17th—and Dave Lestrelin's son is to be my best man. You can't refuse. The future Mrs. B. says you are the man. So come on. After the wedding we'll see what they dare to say. If you want to be your father's son, fight it out, and I'll see you go to the Assembly this year. Don't crawl. I'm with you to the finish.
>
> Yours truly, JOHN BUCKWORTH.

A scrawl of a letter, but there was wine in it. It lifted the young man out of his gray mood; it put heart and fight in him. Within half an hour he had packed up a couple of bags of clothes and had caught the express for John Buckworth's country place on the Hudson. And as the swift train whirled along by the river, the rhythm of the wheels made a little song for him, and over and over again it sang in his brain, now the words of the song were: "Be your father's son and fight it out, fight it out."

Benhill-on-Hudson: no town, merely a little stone station in a curve of the Hudson under tree clustered bluffs.

Lestrelin stood on the windy platform, his traveling-bags at his feet, watching the twin rear-lights of the train vanishing around the curve. The station was closed. There were no lights save a windy lamp that flared from a wooden pillar. With one exception, he was the only passenger who had alighted. There was a woman, huddled in furs. As she passed under the lamp he saw that she was very young and that her face was white and small like a flower—then she stepped into a carriage and was driven away into the night.

Lestrelin knocked at the station door and called aloud; there was no answer. He turned the corner of the building and saw a little house with lighted windows. He crossed a space of cinders and clay and rapped at the door. From somewhere a little fox-terrier came and barked at his heels. Finally the door opened and a man, big and smiling and sleepy, appeared, holding a lamp.

"I was out to get up to Mr Buckworth's [illegible]," Lestrelin explained.

"Peter's in the stable," the big man said. "If you'll go over to the station and wait, I'll send him."

Lestrelin had waited only a little while—hardly long enough to fix in his memory the face he had seen in the lamplight (a face small and white like a flower)—when a dingy yellow wagon, drawn by a dingy yellow horse and driven by a confident young man, drove up.

"Mr Buckworth's," said the man, "get in—but the road's bad since the thaw. I didn't expect nobody by this train," he added, as the dingy yellow horse trotted away smartly on three legs.

"Yes," said Lestrelin carelessly; he fished for his leathern pouch and, having found it, began to roll a cigarette.

"Miss Cranston came, of course—the carriage had been waiting for two trains," Peter went on. "I suppose you're up for the wedding?"

"Mr Buckworth's wedding," said Lestrelin shortly. He was not familiar with the friendliness of country folk.

"Up here," said Peter, "we call it Miss Cranston's wedding."

He laughed and flicked at the lame horse with a broken whip. They had climbed a stiff hill and now clattered along a gravelly road, passed a lonely, stately church—a cynical monument to some dead millionaire—and swept suddenly up an avenue of fir trees to a new brick house. Lestrelin, as he went slowly up the steps, said softly, "And that was she." And he saw again a little face like a flower—a vision that passed.

SECOND CHAPTER

JOHN BUCKWORTH had dined alone. At that lonely meal he had worn evening dress, but now, in the library over his pipe and coffee, he had taken off his coat and sat unabashed in his shirt sleeves. His patent leather shoes he had replaced by comfortable slippers. Lolling back in a big willow chair he took his ease. And why should he not? If he had slippered ease he had fought for it. It was that long battle that had put the white into his hair and beard and the lines in his grim, square face. Not lightly does a man come up from the slums—from the tenement and the groggery—to rule a city and dictate the policy of a great national party not lightly. Behind such a success there lies a long, dark stretch of battle—many battles, in which friends go down as well as enemies. What a long record of dirty intrigue and desperate daring that was! The early battles with street ruffians, the more deadly battles with Wall Street millions. The victories—and the failures that were the stepping-stones for future victories. All this was vaguely in John Buckworth's mind to-night as he lolled there—rough, masterful, adroit—looking at the son of his old friend, "Dave" Lestrelin.

"Rodge," he was saying, "your father had the chance to do me dirt once—an' he didn't. He stood by me clean and straight. It cost him the Presidency of the United States. That's right. Now I don't go back on my friends, and"—he laughed grimly—"I don't forget my enemies. If a yellow dog was to come in here and tell me his name was Lestrelin, I'd give him the best in the house. No, no, don't get hot, Rodge, you ain't a yellow dog. You're clean-bred. Now tell me about that Filipino business. Talk up."

Young Lestrelin did not speak for a moment. He stared at the velvet carpet under his feet—stared, too, at the little fleck of tobacco ash near John Buckworth's chair—stared, it may be, into his own conscience.

At last he said: "I suppose the newspapers have it pretty nearly right, Mr. Buckworth—I saw the Examiner in San Francisco—that's the only one I dared to read. I ran—that's

nll true. I was frightened, I suppose." And with this Lestrelin brought his teeth together and took a long breath

"That's all," he added

John Buckworth had watched him shrewdly under his black-and-white eyebrows. Now he said

"Sort of stage fright?"

"I ran," said Roger Lestrelin slowly

"Yes," said John Buckworth. He puffed at his wooden pipe. In his ordinary speech with men John Buckworth used a sort of London-English which covered up well enough [illegible]te" ward accent; to-night he dropped all this affectation; when he spoke to Roger Lestrelin it was in the old speech that was common to him in the long ago, when he first knew "Dave"—even then Senator—Lestrelin.

What he said was this

"They didn't give ye a fair show, boy. That's right, see? I know the man that done it, and I'll have his hide for it. The man who runs away ain't always a coward! They was one night in Fourth Avenue. I wasn't no older'n you. I was alone, and a fellow slugged me—I run. Why? I dunno why I run. I was no kid, an' I was a good scrapper, but I ran.

The boy stared at the fireplace; old John Buckworth leaned forward in his chair and knocked out into the palm of his hand the red dottle from his pipe; the hard, grim face was harder now; the black and white beard bristled

"Well," he said harshly, "there was one man, an' he was the worst of the gang. He came for me one night and I done him up for fair"

John Buckworth paused. He laughed a little and sat back in his chair

"You know that anecdote," he said quietly, feeling for the more English accent; "it has been repeated often enough at every election. And it was your father who got me out of that—difficulty. Yes, your father. Had I been in your position, Roger, I might have acted precisely as you did. I ran the first time. The second time I did not run—nor will you You are no more a coward than I am. Stay here and fight it out—don't run the second time"—he stood up and laid his hand on the boy's drooping shoulder—"and between us we will make it all right.

"Thank you, sir," said Roger, and he, too, arose; "but I'm afraid I'm not much good—if I had been a decent sort of fellow I should have remembered my men."

"Yes, you should have remembered many things," said Buckworth; "that's right. They'll be plenty of people to remind you of it. It will not be easy."

Lestrelin thought of Ryle

"No, not easy," he said.

"You're just as I was when I felt I couldn't live in the ward. But I lived there," Buckworth added, his square jaws set like a vice, "an' you've got to live in New York and make 'em take you, too. An' you'll do it"

"Yes," the young man said slowly, "I'll do it—I meant to do it, and I will"

They shook hands in a grip that was a treaty and an alliance.

"And now——"

The politician smiled vaguely and sat down in his easy chair.

"You're going to stand up with me Saturday," he said "my best man—and the best man I want—at my wedding."

Over the coarse, cold face there had come a reflection of youth, and the keen, cold eyes that could look down a mob of men—a herd of millionaires—were veiled with tenderness Young Lestrelin wondered. In his boy's way he had often dreamed of love, now it seemed to him that he saw love, real, alert and visible, shining on that implacable face. And this, then, was love—the power that could make gracious as spring the life scarred face of a man of fifty, that could draw a film of tenderness over those keen, preying eyes. Lestrelin wondered. Then with a little pang—and he was angry that it should have hurt him—he recalled the face he had seen in the flare of the station lamp. (A small face, white and wistful, like a flower.)

"And Miss Cranston is willing that I should be her best man?" he said slowly.

With himself, with his friends, John Buckworth was unflaggingly honest. "Cicely don't know you, Rodge," he said, "and—she's read the newspapers. No—at first she was—not pleased. But I told her I wanted that day to be the best in my life. It would give me her for my wife—and help me pay my debt to Dave Lestrelin all in one. And she agreed You see, Rodge, she loves me."

Again the boy wondered; the eternal April of love was like a benison on John Buckworth's rugged face.

"Whatever you wish," Roger said; "and whatever she wishes, sir."

A second later they were shaking hands again.

"We'll fight it out together, boy," said John Buckworth; "you and Cicely and me."

The boy's hand almost melted in the grip of that brawny paw, and there was a mist in his eyes—a mist across which he saw a lamp flaring, and a white face, pathetic as a flower

The next day they rode over to the Cranston place. The old house with its huge Colonial pillars, its broad porches over-clambered by wintry vines, its high windows and spindling chimneys, had an air of genteel decay. The broad park that circled the house was naked, save for the time-old elms and a ruined summer-house. As they rode up to the door three ravens fluttered down from the trees and went cawing riverward

"I know men who would call that a bad sign," said John Buckworth, laughing, "but I haven't got any superstitions; have you?"

"I don't know," said Lestrelin

A boy took their horses and they were shown into a small room off the great hall that bisected the house. A wood fire glimmered pleasantly on the hearth; there were many easy chairs, an old-fashioned piano, pictures of a bygone fashion; and though the room was old and faded in look, there was a homely air about it as if it were lovingly lived in

"It's one of the finest places in the country," said John Buckworth, "but not kept up—you see, there's only Cicely now Her mother—but I'll change all that. You see, it needs money These big places always do. That's her mother's picture you are looking at—when she was young. Looks like her—but Cicely's hair is much darker, pretty near black"

Mrs. Cranston and her daughter came in together, and Cicely went directly to John Buckworth and gave him her hand He smiled down at her with a tenderness that made [illegible]gh face beautiful.

"Little Cicely," he said softly. Standing there beside him she seemed very slight and young; her face was very [illegible]ate, and the dark masses of hair that framed it lent it unusual whiteness. But the lips were full and red, and her eyes were not sad. For Roger Lestrelin the first few moments were very difficult. Mrs. Cranston had received him with a kindness in which he felt a touch of pity. Cicely was coldly correct; he could feel the antipathy she concealed so carefully. They talked of the people they knew, of the wedding, of the guests, and all the little formalities that had to be settled with the best man; they talked—all, that is, save Cicely, who sat in a low chair by the window, cold and aloof John Buckworth went to her and whispered: "I can't ride with you this afternoon, Cicely, and——"

"I see," she said calmly; "and you wish Mr. Lestrelin to accompany me."

"Don't be hard, girl," he answered I want you to know him—we two mustn't go back on him"

"I don't like a coward," she replied.

"Nor I," he said; "but when I say he isn't——"

And what she said was meant only for his ear.

The afternoon was already darkening faintly when she and Roger Lestrelin rode out into the highway. A red Irish setter ran ahead of them or made short excursions into the hedges, drawn by good, doggy smells. The road dipped down toward the river, then mounted a hill and swept away down an avenue of elms. At first they rode slowly, hardly speaking to each other. Now and then Cicely called her dog

"Come here, Shan," she cried; "don't run away, sir."

Roger drove the spur into his horse

"You don't think I meant anything?" she said eagerly, when she had ridden up alongside of his galloping horse.

"No," he said, and they swung on in a gallop. A moment later she reined in her horse

"You might say more than that," she cried angrily.

"What can I say?" he asked. "In Heaven's name, what can I say?"

"Tell me how it happened," she said "I want to hear it from your lips—you are to be our friend. Is it not fair you should tell me?"

"You've read it all. I was talking to old MacFeredith—he was a good man—the only friend I had out there I cared more for him than any man I knew—and then that thing happened. I did not hear the shot. I was just standing talking and suddenly he went down, groaning, and the blood splashed in my eyes."

Again he drew his hand across his face.

"And I ran. I could not see. I blundered on somehow until I tripped and fell. That brought me to myself. I heard the shots and ran back. It was tangled ground there, and it seemed as though years went by before I could find the place. Then—there were only four of my men—three of them lying there dead; the rest had been taken prisoners. They hadn't even time to get their guns, poor fellows. There was one wounded, and I managed to get him in and told them I'd run away—that's all."

"But you went back," Cicely said, and her voice was very kind

"Yes," he said bitterly, "after it was all over. When there was no more shooting. And yet—God knows, I wanted to die. I wanted to die, Cicely——"

Her sympathy was the first he had known; neither of them noticed that he had called her Cicely; together they were trying to understand that tragedy on the other side of the world.

"As I ran back, shouting to my men—calling on them to stand—my only hope was that I might get there in time to die first—in front of them all. That was what I wanted."

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"You are a hero," she whispered softly.

"It was his blood—there in my face—he was my friend—and—I had never seen any one killed."

"And you did not tell them at the—trial?" she asked.

"What was the good? I told the truth. I'd run away That couldn't be explained."

"You have made me understand," Cicely said softly, and she laid her slim, gauntleted hand on his arm. "It was braver to go back—braver than if you had never run away—and I'm so glad," she added. He pressed her little hand, but did not speak; they rode on in a silence that was neither cold nor uneloquent. About them was the winter twilight Their ride had carried them far, into a wilder country, where there were few houses. They passed a stretch of woods and beyond saw the fires of low-lying lime-kilns.

"We must go back," Cicely said, and called to her dog Shan, however, dashed ahead and planted himself in the middle of the road, barking fiercely—a joyish, doggish bark that made him quiver with pleasure to the tip of his feathered tail. From somewhere a brace of lean curs came and answered him in ill-bred canine slang. When Roger and Cicely cantered on they saw two vans resting at the roadside. The lean horses, hobbled, were grazing near by. Between the wagons a little fire had been kindled, around which sat a group of brown and ragged people, eating

"Gypsies," said Roger, and laughed; he felt curiously light and happy now

A woman arose from the fire and came forward with the light, free step of her race.

"Let me tell the beautiful lady's fortune" she whined in a slow, sing-song voice

"Yes," Roger said quickly

Cicely, smiling, drew off her long gauntlet and held down her hand

"I must cross it with silver," the gypsy said

"With gold," said Roger. He gave her a coin

The gypsy bent over the little hand and studied it

"A beautiful hand, dear lady, a high born hand, and wonderful is the fortune. A wonderful fortune the poor gypsy must tell. Long years and great happiness—great honor and great riches—a husband who loves you better than his life She stole a sly, comprehensive glance at Roger and then bent over the hand. "A noble husband, very young

"Oh, enough of this nonsense," Cicely said, she tried to withdraw her hand, but the gypsy held it fast

"Very young, with a beautiful, white face and dark eyes like your own, dear lady. You will ride with him the first time you meet him, and he will tell you that he loves you, and you will learn to love him, and then you will ride with him through life. A wonderful fortune, lady

"Oh, come, come!" Cicely cried suddenly.

She whirled her horse and sent him flying along the dim road. In a moment Roger had overtaken her. Side by side, swing for swing, breath for breath, they galloped on. The madness of speed, that fierce onward rush that seemed to make them one—the madness of the young night, that seemed to shut them off from all the world, was upon them.

"Cicely!" he cried, and swept his arm around her, then her lips found his; and in that first kiss there were confessions and promises.

It was not until they breasted the last hill at the gates of the Colonial house that the horses, weary of rivalry, fell into a walk. Until then Roger and Cicely had hardly spoken—a few words, perhaps, in which there was meaning only for them. But now thought came back with a rush

Lestrelin swayed a little in his saddle and, with an old, familiar gesture, drew his hand across his face and eyes.

"What have I done, Cicely?" he asked with a little gasp "What have I done?"

She turned to him with eyes like stars

"Forever—to ride together, through long, happy years," she repeated.

He felt her hand on his arm, it seemed to burn into his flesh—that he should love her so, that he should love her so! That there should be nothing in all the world for him but her dear face! That it should be this!

Then her voice, sweet and broken

"Roger, now I understand! You have saved me from a great sin. I was going to marry a man I did not love—think of it But I did not know what love was. How could I know? How could I, dear, until you taught me? I knew only ambition and pride. But love came to save me."

And always his brain rocked with the agony of it—that he should love her so! That she should love him! Then her voice again, bright and proud with love

"To ride with you forever—all our lives!"

"Cicely," he said brokenly.

She started at the sound of his voice and reined up her horse

"Roger, you do not mean——"

He spoke her name in a half sob of agony

"I cannot, I cannot," he groaned; "oh, my heart's love—think of him—my friend——"

"You—you will leave me, Roger"

"Think! Cicely—you know I must

For a moment she sat there, very white, very still, then she said: "You do not love me?"

"I do not love you," he repeated, and the words burned like blasphemy on his lips.

"You have lied!" she answered proudly. "You love me—but you are a coward!" She struck her horse and rode swiftly up the avenue that led to her house. A storm of sobs, a clatter of horse-hoofs dying away; that was all—only three ravens sailed down from the time-old trees, cawing

From the little railway station Roger sent Peter back with the horse and this note for John Buckworth

> I cannot face the people here. I am going to Europe by the first steamer. The best you can do is to forget me.
>
> R. LESTRELIN.

And John Buckworth, when he had read the note, tossed it into the fire

"I can't understand how he's Dave's son," he said. "Poor fellow, I suppose he can't help being a yellow cur. But trust a woman! Cicely always said he was a coward."

Who Will be the Decade's Diarist?

THE good diarist is rare and often rather contemptible. Is there any one taking notes at the present day? Is there a Pepys or a Charles Greville walking up and down Piccadilly and turning in to lunch at the Carlton? There are, of course, many on the fringe of the inner circle who catch rumors and print them. But one may hope that there is some one on the inner track who knows the ins and outs of political and social movements of the past few years and is not ashamed to chronicle them. But is there a man among us who can observe and write—a man who does not mind writing his observations?

One wonders whether the Honorable Schomberg McDonnell—a private secretary who has served Lord Salisbury for many years—is keeping a notebook. He has certainly seen the past decade from the inside; and if he should publish what he knows it would be as interesting as it would be indiscreet.

Men & Women of the Hour

Senator John C. Spooner

Getting Even with Senator Spooner

Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, when a young man, was attorney for two men charged with stealing

The prisoners stated that they had been strolling along the river bank when they espied a boat, and for a little amusement jumped in and rowed out into the stream. The owner of the boat saw them and hurried for a constable who arrested them as soon as they returned to the shore.

It seemed a very easy case for the young attorney and he left them with a word of encouragement. He saw the jailer and asked if anything suspicious had been found on the prisoners. From him he learned that there had been taken from the men a well-worn Bible and a small drawer such as can be seen on any old fashioned bureau. On the fly-leaf of the Bible was the inscription: "To my darling boy, from Mother."

The trial was held next day and the future Senator made a brilliant speech to the jury, portraying his clients in such a light of martyrdom that one of the jurors wept. He exhibited the Bible and pointed to the inscription, and without leaving their seats the jury rendered a verdict of "Not guilty."

After the trial the young men gave the lawyer fifty dollars. "Boys," said Mr. Spooner, as they were about to separate, "I am curious to know why you carry that Bible and the empty drawer." Then the Senator listened with astonishment to the history of his erstwhile clients.

"We are professional safe-blowers and have been for five years. We were arrested in Chicago not long ago and convicted of burglary. A few weeks ago we broke jail at Joliet and escaped across the country. We were pretty tired and footsore when we struck this town and so stole the rowboat. This Bible has a double cover and opens like this" (here the self-confessed criminal pressed a hidden spring in the thick cover and disclosed a hollow in which there lay two steel files and a small saw); "and this old drawer has a secret bottom where we keep our operating tools."

The future Senator thereupon confiscated the Bible and the drawer, warning his former clients to be more careful in the future how they should appropriate the property of others.

The thieves watched him in great amazement and indignation. Finally one of them shouted angrily: "We'll get those things back yet; you mark my words!"

Several years passed and then the incident was brought back to Mr. Spooner's recollection in the following manner. One evening he and his family attended an entertainment, and no one was left at the house. When they returned at a late hour they found that the house had been entered by burglars and ransacked, but that nothing, apparently, was missing. The next day's mail brought a letter which read:

Dear Sir—Please excuse the way we came in last night, but the door was locked. We never did think you treated us square in swiping our outfit, and so we came back after it and found you were not at home. We always keep our word.

Yours truly, JACK and JIM

Mr. Spooner looked in an old cabinet in which for years he had kept the souvenirs. They were gone.

Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham

How Mr. Higinbotham Helped a Friend

Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham, who has just retired from membership in the firm of Marshall Field & Co., belongs to the group of men who have attained celebrity in a line of effort quite different from that to which the voice of youthful ambition called them. At the time when the future merchant and financier walked from the home farm into Joliet each day in order to attend "town school," the era of railway building in the Middle West was beginning. He came into contact with some of the men doing the survey and construction work and at once became infatuated with the possibilities of the civil engineering profession. To have even a humble part in planning or building a railway seemed to the lad the only career that could afford him satisfaction. He went to Galesburg, Illinois, joined an engineering corps, and started out to win fame and fortune in the way of his choice. Exposure and hardship were routine experiences in this work, and were too severe for the novice, who was far from rugged. He would not give up, however, until an attack of typhoid fever effectually demonstrated that he must resign his cherished labor. Almost heart broken from disappointment, he went to Chicago and began a course of study at a business college in that city.

His companion at that time was a boy named Edward Bailey, who was also making his way in the world. Young Higinbotham spent each evening giving to his companion the instruction he had himself received at the school during the day. On the completion of his course in the business college the future partner of Mr. Marshall Field returned to Joliet feeling that he was a full fledged accountant.

He soon found employment in the office of a bank; but this institution closed its doors within sixty days after he became connected with it. Another Joliet bank then gave him work at a very small salary.

The future millionaire, however, had no idea of being content to watch the clock for quitting time, and to spend his hours outside the bank in mere pleasures. Instead, he found a real estate firm that engaged him to open a set of books and to do their accounting after banking hours. Later when young Higinbotham was sent to Oconto, Wisconsin, in the interests of the banking firm, he turned his real estate books over to the care of his friend Bailey.

These boon companions were separated for a time, but the opening of the war found them enlisted in the same regiment. They parted company at Knoxville, Tennessee, at the end of the Civil War. Mr. Higinbotham returned to Chicago, was employed by the old firm of Field, Palmer & Leiter, and soon became the head of the credit department. In this position he displayed the talents which have won him recognition as one of the greatest credit men in American commercial life.

During the eight years following the close of the Civil War Mr. Higinbotham was in complete ignorance of the whereabouts of his friend Bailey. Then he learned that his former companion had become credit man for the firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., in New York.

One day the late Mr. Coonley, the pioneer of the malleable iron industry in Chicago, came to Mr. Higinbotham and asked him to recommend a big, broad man of unimpeachable integrity and large financial ability for the position of his chief lieutenant—a man upon whom he could lean heavily. After mature deliberation Mr. Higinbotham said: "Edward P. Bailey is your man if you can get him away from New York." This was accomplished just as Mr. Higinbotham was leaving on a vacation. Returning, a few weeks later he found that Mr. Coonley had died and that the East stockholders in the iron industry were about to replace Mr. Bailey with one whom they deemed a "more practical iron man."

"Don't do it," said Mr. Higinbotham. "I am sure of my man, and you'll make a mistake if you let him go. I will go on his bond for any amount in human reason, as a guarantee that he will be satisfactory." So emphatic an indorsement was accepted by the capitalists, and Mr. Bailey is to-day the executive head of the Illinois Malleable Iron Company. Incidents of this kind are thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Higinbotham, who is a shrewd judge of character and takes pride in his ability to form quickly a correct estimate of any man.

Mr. John J. Feely

The Youngest Congressman's Campaign

Mr. John J. Feely, the youngest member-elect of the National House of Representatives, is not a political accident. The manner in which he planned his first political contest, and won a seat in Congress when only twenty-five years old, has a touch of romance about it which cannot fail to compel the respect of his colleagues in the House. Shortly before his graduation from the Yale Law School young Feely took a careful account of his inclinations and ambitions with a view to mapping out his future. This stock-taking resulted in the determination that he would become a member of the Lower House of Congress, and that with as little delay as possible. This settled, he showed his practical bent and his cool determination and foresight by making his choice of a location for a law office conform to his political plans. Having spent his boyhood on a farm not far from Joliet, he naturally concluded that Illinois was the best State in which to begin his professional and political career. He collected statistics showing the vote for Congressmen in all the districts of his native State for the preceding ten years. These figures were studied and analyzed from every possible viewpoint but with this question always foremost: "What district offers the best chance for a young, unknown Democrat to secure the Congressional nomination of his party, and at the same time offers a fair opportunity for him to win out at the polls?" Careful study indicated that the Second Congressional District, embracing a large section of the South Side of Chicago, most nearly met these requirements. Mr. Feely concluded that this district was normally Democratic and that it offered the best "fighting chance" of any in the State. Therefore he located there and at once became popular

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly

IT IS a lonesome city nowadays that does not have its own reform movement.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S autograph brought forty dollars in Boston last month. There were times in the past century when he might have given it for less

NATIONAL legislation is constantly creating new offices. The Army bill has something like a thousand to its credit and other measures are adding to the total. And yet some say there are fewer opportunities than there used to be.

ONE of our ablest statisticians, Mr. Carroll D. Wright, presents figures to show that the United States is not living beyond its means. He fails, however, to mention a few of the reasons. Uncle Sam buys his groceries at wholesale prices, gets the provender for his stock on contract, pays no taxes on his real estate, and even has his clothes and blankets made by the lowest bidder. No wonder he can get along! Of course he has a war or so occasionally, but then everybody has troubles of one sort or another.

ONE of the interesting facts of the early part of the year was the grip epidemic. It counted its victims by the hundreds of thousands, and while the rate of death was low, the average of distress was great. Grip is an entirely unreasonable affliction which is best described by the old negro phrase of "misery." It is malaria modernized and enlivened by germs—a sort of dull suffering with exquisite pains to make it interesting. And the worst of it is that nobody ever sympathizes with the sufferer. There is so much of it that there is not enough sympathy to go 'round.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S trip West to shoot lions and bears and big things generally was attended by more publicity if less state than a hunting tour of the Emperor William. It lays, in fact.
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The Must Power

VERY interesting is the study of human motives. When a man achieves preeminent success in an honorable vocation the world is anxious to know what has been the source of his highest inspiration. With one, we find that particular friendship has had much to do with shaping his career. With another, unbounded ambition has impelled him to strenuous effort

There is, however, another force which operates more generally than we are wont to think, a power not often reckoned among the influences that make for success. It may be called the inspiration of necessity

Many a man plans wisely, works unremittingly, waits with "passionate patience," simply because he must; because failure would mean defeat, and defeat would mean irremediable disaster

Many a man has constantly before him the [illegible] invalid wife, or dependent parents, or a nest of [illegible] to feed, or older ones to educate, and the thought of the possible suffering has been a mental stimulus whose effect is not easily calculated.

The rich man's son knows that if he fails in college some other door will open to him—he can have private tutors and foreign travel. But the young fellow from the farm, who is paying his own way through school by keeping furnaces or waiting at a boarding house table, knows that if he fails there is nothing before him but to return to the farm. So he trims his lamp and girds his loins anew.

An American soldier in the Philippines had cut his way out of a squad of bolo men who had taken him prisoner. The captain of his company said: "Man, how on earth did you get out of that scrape? I thought you were as good as dead." The Hoosier replied: "I don't know, sir, except that I *just had to!*"

The very desperateness of our condition is sometimes the best spur to heroic endeavor. The greatest deeds of the greatest men have been done under the pressure of circumstances so emergent and critical that they called forth from the interior depths of character all possible strength and persistence. Back of Leonidas, and Charles Martel, and William of Orange, and Columbus, and Washington, and Wellington, and Lincoln, was the eternal Must of destiny.

The early blue bird catches the spring cold

What Can Europe Do About It?

IF THE United States had not already a high sense of its own importance in the economic world there would be a general and delightful sense of surprise at recent European admissions that we are in a fair way to distance all other nations in the race for commercial supremacy. That British and Continental authorities on the trend of trade are quite ungracious in their manner of making these admissions is not the least significant feature of the situation, for it indicates that they mean what they say and what they would not say for worlds did they not believe that the time has come in which the truth must be faced

But what can they do about it? The proposed customs-union and tariff wall to exclude American products and manufactures from Europe and her colonies cannot be effected without the consent of the people, for in the British Isles and the western half of the Continent the masses far outnumber the classes at the ballot box and are persistently suspicious of everything that their employers may suggest. It would be idle for any European nation but Russia to hope to discover in its home domain any new natural resources or agricultural areas of cheap land. Taxation for the support of enormous armies is often regarded as a handicap in Europe's industrial and commercial contest with the United States, but the truth is that we treat our soldiers so well that our own national expenditure on military account in time of peace, if our pension list be included, is greater than that of Great Britain, France or Germany; the figures are available for comparison, if any one is curious on the subject, most of the "year books" publish them. The heaviest of Europe's military taxes consist of millions of able-bodied men whose time is consumed solely in training to kill and be killed.

Europe's one apparent chance to keep commercially neck and neck with the United States seems to be in persuading her agriculturists, mechanics and artisans to conform to the American standard of a day's work, for it is admitted on both sides of the Atlantic that Americans accomplish much more in a given number of hours than their European cousins, except such of the latter as venture to the United States; these usually and speedily become as effective as natives, the improvement being variously attributed to a stimulating climate, better food, treatment and pay, and a better possible future. But to raise the productive capacity of European workers the men themselves would be obliged to come to this country to be taught; by the time they had learned their lesson they would have resolved to remain here.

Congress will be larger—and broader, too, let us hope.

Overpaid Office-Holders

A FEW days ago, Register James R. Howe, of Brooklyn, made a very remarkable statement in the public press. [illegible] office derives its income from fees, and there is a movement on foot to change the pay of the Register to a regular [illegible] Mr. Howe is in favor of the reform. No stronger [illegible] for it could be given than his own experience. "I do not know," he said, "what the emoluments were of any of my predecessors, but I do know what they have been in my office during the past twelve months. After expending $20,000 more than was probably ever expended in giving the county a broad and liberal service, and after giving away upward of $8000 for charitable purposes, there still remains to my credit more than $45,000."

In other words, this officer, for services requiring no great ability, received more than $50,000 for his year's work, and he could easily have made it $70,000

There are cases of the same kind in almost every large city and in many of the States. The fee system pours riches into the pockets of those fortunate enough to hold the offices. In some instances that of Mr. Howe is a decided exception the fee offices are syndicated, so that they become prizes mines for party organizations and for the politicians who control them.

In Philadelphia two men recently elected to office will get from $40,000 to $50,000 each during the present year for their services. When in private employment neither of them ever made over $3000 or $4000, and they will receive the larger sum for much less work and shorter hours than when they worked for average wages. There are cases in the United States in which the fees have run beyond the $100,000 mark for the year Those who hold the offices have the right, under the bad laws prevailing, to pocket these enormous sums. There have been two or three holders of these big offices who have refused to take more than an average salary but they have been so few and far between that they have simply been the exceptions proving the general rule

It seems almost incredible that, at the very time these local favorites of party factions are getting such wealth, there should be an objection from any quarter to the increase of the salaries of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the greatest tribunal in the world, composed of splendid men who have sacrificed fortunes for their country, and who are, considering their abilities and their work, the worst paid of all our public servants. Of course, the increase will have to be made. Even then the Chief Justice of the nation will receive only $15,500 and the others only $15,000.

The whole system of payment for official services in this country, local, state and national, is in a strange state of disorganization. Ward politicians are receiving more than the President of the United States, the dependents of party factions more than members of the Cabinet or Governors of States.

It is hard, of course, to bring about a reform at once. The taking away of any of these privileges is always bitterly fought. The readjustment of remuneration in national life brings forth a host of influences that make the work difficult and frequently impossible. But the good work must go on until a common-sense average is struck in the spending of the people's money for the payment of public services.

Within two years the cost of our navy has more than doubled. Uncle Sam still paddles his own canoe but in these days paddles are expensive.

Better Let Republics Alone

WHATEVER may be the final outcome of the war with the Boers it will stand as one of the strongest examples of the danger that lies in combating a republic, and especially in forcing a conflict with a republic in the hope of gaining territory.

The banding together of men, the feeling among them that each has a direct personal interest in his country and that each has a voice in its government, are factors of potent strength. All republics have not had these factors in equal degree; some have been more or less aristocratic or oligarchic; some have kept disfranchised more, some less, of their population; but in spite of such differences, which have had less influence than theoretically might have been expected, republics have shown a tremendous strength

Splendid were the successes of Athens under the government of its own citizens. And the Roman Republic!—that stands as one of the most wonderful powers that the world ever saw. It was only after it became an empire that signs of weakness began to be seen.

Venice, as a republic, amassed amazing wealth and won countless victories in naval warfare—and it began to decay only when the idea of republicanism became more and more changed toward aristocracy

Nearly six hundred years ago men from Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden met in the Rutli meadow, and the republic that resulted from that meeting still exists. The Swiss Republic was merged, or controlled, for a short time by another and stronger republic, that of France, but at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars it resumed its independent nationality.

The Hollanders—what a conquering republic they formed, and how they won, after losses that seemed irretrievable!

Magnificent victories were won by the French Republic of a century ago, and serious disasters came only after republicanism disappeared. Spain—time-honored representative of the conservatism of Europe—was defeated by the Republic of Holland, and afterward lost great possessions in South America through the upbuilding of republics there. More recently, she lost in a war with the greatest of all republics.

England, it would seem, has been as unfortunate as Spain in her dealings with republicanism, but she still refuses to learn. The uprising of a republic lost her the better part of the North American continent. In another war she suffered such humiliating defeats as those of the battles of New Orleans and Lake Erie. And in the Boer War she is still losing in conflicts with an enemy she supposed she had beaten.

There is magic in the idea of a Republic!

"Publick Occurrences"

Mr. Foster M. Voorhees

Our System of National Parks

The securing and preserving, as National Parks, of sections of country that are notable for their scenic beauty or for their striking natural attractions is one of the most interesting movements of the day.

One of the recent steps in this direction was taken when the Secretary of the Interior recommended to Congress that the famous Wind Cave in South Dakota be set apart as a park or pleasuring ground for the people.

Of course the Secretary meant no joke, but one cannot help recalling Don Platt's designation of the Capitol as the Cave of the Winds. The only apposite thing is that shortly after the Secretary made his recommendation there was a renewal in the newspapers of the suggestion that the capital of the country, with Congress of course in the lead, be moved to the West. It is not likely, however, that it would ever get as far as the Black Hills, where the heroic Custer lost his life and where the cave is situated. At any rate, the Wind Cave in South Dakota, which is about twelve miles from the town of Custer, must be well worth seeing.

In the exercise of his authority the Secretary of the Interior has temporarily set aside the cave, and it is quite probable that Congress will add it to the National Parks.

South Dakota's Subterranean Wonder

The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky and the Luray Caverns in Virginia are visited by thousands of Americans annually. They attract visitors from every part of the world.

A third subterranean wonder, according to the official descriptions, is this Wind Cave in South Dakota. There is a descent of 155 feet before the first room, called the Bride's Chamber, is reached. Then follows the Snowball Room, which is even larger and more beautiful; then the Post office, a long room with curious formations; then the Red Hall, a small room of red stone; then the Opera House, "an immense room, grand in its formations of box work and in the varied colors of the rocks that form the ground overhead;" then the Devil's Outlook; and then room after room until the traveler reaches Capitol Hill, "with its high dome ceiling, in the centre of which Nature has placed a centrepiece of most beautiful box work." Odd Fellows' Hall, which comes next, has three links in the ceiling and a rock goat standing at the side. The Stone Quarry has great slabs of pink stone.

The following is from the official report: "Then we reach the Garden of Eden; here the box work is coated with a pure white frost, and the edges are trimmed with little white balls like pop-corn, and long frost petals, white as snow, and so delicate that a breath will almost destroy them. Noah's Beard hangs from a little point of rock in this frostwork about an inch long, and consists of long strings like fine silver wire fully two feet long. Words cannot describe this place, so we go down Corkscrew Path, a winding trail going down, quite steep, around a deep, dark hole, and are on the brink of Dante's Inferno. Amid a continuous change of formations and constantly changing scenery, on this still lower level of 450 feet, we find the Monte Cristo Palace, the Assembly Room, the Fair Grounds—an immense room, 200 feet long and from 40 to 60 feet wide, with a great dome near the centre. We go down again through Alpine Pass, where we let ourselves down through a hole not any too large, and land in a great black hole, from which we pass on to the Blue Grotto, 500 feet down."

New Parks Selected

John Phoenix used to refer to certain regions of the West where, on beautiful petrified mornings, petrified birds sang petrified songs in petrified trees.

Many stories of petrifactions have been told and some of them have been amply substantiated. In Apache County, Arizona, is the famous petrified forest, and a bill is pending in Congress for its preservation as a National Park.

Each State has its attractions, and certainly Idaho is no exception. In the southern part of the State, on the Snake River, are the Shoshone Falls, the Twin Falls and the Blue Lakes, constituting a region of wonderful beauty. The Secretary of the Interior has set these also aside, so that Congress may form them into another National Park.

Still another instance aptly illustrates the work that is being done by the Government in preserving interesting and historic places of the country. In New Mexico is a tract of land thirty miles long by fifteen miles in width, from 6000 to 9000 feet high, of volcanic origin and seamed with splendid cañons. It is the old region of the Cliff Dwellers, the representatives of prehistoric civilization. An official examination has been made, "with a view," in the words of the Secretary of the Interior, "to its reservation as a pleasuring ground or park for the benefit of the people."

Thus we have a Wind Cave, a petrified forest, waterfalls, and an older civilization, all added or about to be added to our priceless selection of Government grounds.

Giant Trees Four Thousand Years Old

Everybody who has read of California has wondered if the great size of the trees really equals the figures that are given. The writer of this remembers standing within one of them with over thirty people.

To look at the tops of them is simply a neck breaking experience. They are beyond all description wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!

But majestic though they were they were not safe from the designs of the commercial spirit of the age, and so the timber cutters got to work, and it was only about a year ago that Professor William R. Dudley, of the Chair of Forestry of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, California, began a movement for the saving of these giants. President Jordan of the same institution assisted him. The great trees in two other groves of the State had been saved, and energetic action was taken to secure for the Government what are known as the Mammoth Tree Grove and South Park Grove of big trees which constitute the largest groves and the finest specimens of their kind in the world.

Of the one hundred big trees in one grove many are from 30 to 32 feet in diameter and from 250 to 325 feet high. In the other grove the largest trees soar to a height of 350 and even 380 feet, and are from 25 to 41 feet in diameter. Scientists estimate them to be 3000 years old.

A bill to secure these trees for the Government has passed the Senate and its ultimate success in the House seems certain. It will cost the Government $125,000, but all agree that it will be well worth the price.

In 1864 Congress presented the Yosemite Valley to the State of California, to be "held for public use, resort and recreation," and to be "inalienable for all time." Under the management of commissioners appointed by the Governor of California this magnificent valley has been protected from vandalism and abuse. Wagon roads and other conveniences, including a regular stage line, have been built or provided, and a trip to the Yosemite is one of the greatest events that can happen in the life of a traveler.

The Wonders of the Yellowstone

We have a few great things in the East that attract the travelers of the world, such as Niagara Falls, the White House, New York's multi-millionaires, Tammany Hall, and probably Independence Square in Philadelphia.

But to see the really great things in Nature, the stupendous scenes that almost paralyze the imagination, we must, except for Niagara Falls, go far West, and it is the general verdict that the climax is reached in the Yellowstone National Park. This is a reserved tract in the northwest corner of the State of Wyoming, lapping over into Montana, and to a less degree into Idaho. It is a district of miracles, spreading over 3300 square miles, and has an average elevation of 8000 feet above the sea level. Surrounding it are great mountain ranges. Throughout its extent are wonderful cañons and lakes, and within it are geysers and hot springs which have no equal in all the world. This park is under the supervision of the Secretary of the Interior.

For three years the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Honorable Binger Hermann, has recommended that the limits of this great park be extended. That matter is now before Congress. If this be done, as it probably will be, nearly 3000 square miles of forest area will be added to the magnificent domain. The reason for this expansion is that the large game from the present park herd to a considerable extent in the areas under consideration.

The protection of this park is most thorough. Two cavalry regiments guard it against marauders. All shooting and the capture of game are forbidden, and though fishing for pleasure and for food is permitted, it is strictly prohibited for commercial purposes. There are one hundred geysers within the park, and there are hotels and good roads managed by the Government.

Once upon a time a Chinese laundryman connected with one of the hotels thought it would be a good idea to do his weekly wash in one of those cauldrons where Nature had provided an abundance of hot water. He began his work, but a few moments after he had robbed the soap upon the articles a strange thing occurred. The geyser spouted, and the laundry of the week was distributed over many acres of ground.

Thus it was discovered that soap would influence the geysers in their action, and there is now a rule, which is rigidly enforced, against soaping the geysers.

Mr. Binger Hermann

Millions of Acres in National Parks

The tracts mentioned are only a few of the many areas reserved by the Government or under consideration by Congress and the General Land Office. Most people will be surprised to know that the National Parks and the thirty-eight forest reservations now include nearly 50,000,000 acres, and that the increase still goes on. Even in Alaska a forest—called an Afognak—consisting of 400,000 acres, has been reserved. In Arizona there are over 4,500,000 acres reserved; in California nearly 9,000,000 acres are reserved, in Colorado over 3,000,000 acres are reserved. In Idaho, Montana and Washington there are over 9,000,000 acres reserved, in Oregon nearly 5,000,000 acres are reserved, in South Dakota and Wyoming there are more than 1,000,000 acres; in Washington more than 7,000,000 acres; in Wyoming 3,000,000 acres; and thus the story goes.

While the nation is doing much for great parks, the States themselves are not behindhand. The most important achievement of the kind is that of New York in the North Mountains, where the great Adirondack Park has been established since 1892. It contains nearly three million acres, and of these nearly 1,600,000 acres are primeval forest.

Saving the Palisades of the Hudson

One of the very best things done recently in the direction of public parks and improvements was the action of New Jersey and New York in appointing commissioners to cooperate in establishing an interstate park to preserve the Palisades on the Hudson River. The commission of each of the two States consists of ten members, appointed for five years without salary. New York appropriated $10,000 and New Jersey $5000 for the expenses of the commission. Excellent men were selected. Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, cordially supported the plan.

It is well remembered, of course, that the owners of certain parts of the Palisades began to blast them for commercial purposes and that their destruction seemed to be certain. But fortunately it has been checked. The commission acquired for $132,500 the property where blasting was being done.

The cliffs will be secured and forever protected. It will cost probably $1,000,000, but the results secured will be well worth the money. Then New York City will have one of the most picturesque drives in the world. It will extend through Central Park and along the famous Riverside Drive, thence by ferry to the New Jersey shore, thence up the hill to the top of the Palisades, and thence for miles along the cliffs, with their splendid views of the Hudson River.

A National Park at Valley Forge

Through the efforts of the patriotic societies a bill has been introduced in Congress providing for an appropriation of $200,000 for the purchase and preservation of Valley Forge, where Washington and his army encamped in those uncertain and terrible days which preceded the victories that led to American independence. Fortunately this section has not yet been despoiled by the changes of modern life. It is a beautiful piece of country with glorious hills, splendid forests, and all those variations of topography and forests which will make a perfect pleasuring ground for the people. In addition the historic points are well preserved, and many of the defenses constructed by Washington's heroes still remain. The zealous students of history often spend days traversing the country following the footsteps of the patriots.

It is held—and rightly so—that Valley Forge was a crucial point of the fight for freedom; that it led to the battles of Trenton and Princeton which changed the ill fortunes of the war, and that to day it is one of the sacred spots of American territory. The new park will consist of about a thousand acres, and the ultimate success of the efforts of the patriotic societies seems to be certain.

Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHOEVER it was who defined ceremony as the "invention of the wise to keep fools at a distance" could never have been at a White House reception on the first day of the New Year, for while of ceremony on that day there is a plenty, and of fools on that day there are some five thousand five hundred, the old saw fails in its invention by reason of the lack of distance [illegible]ed toward the fools. This was strongly impressed upon me when I took the place graciously accorded me behind the backs of the blue sofas in the Blue Room on that day. Luckily I was in a greater state of self assurance this year than last. In the first place I knew the ropes thoroughly, I no longer had illusions and was not dazzled by the pomp; and, more potent than all else, I had taken care to suit my toilet to the very trying tint of the upholstery of the room, which is known to kill both complexions and gowns that are not carefully tuned up to it; but this was as far as my self assurance went, for my mind was not tuned up along with my gown, either to the room or the occasion.

Old Seneca says that a "serene mind is a kind of divinity lodged in the flesh." I wonder what he would have said of my mind that day. It was anything but a divinity, for in the morning, when the light of the new century dawned upon me and I was feeling in a serene and uplifted mood, that most hateful and insidious thing known as an anonymous letter was given me with my morning mail. This letter contained a newspaper clipping, cut from Heaven only knows what paper, and ever since I have been going around feeling like an animated dime novel, yellow cover and all. I haven't known whether to laugh or to cry.

Throughout all the time that I stood there in the Blue Room, and afterward when I made the tour of the rooms, and later when I assisted at a reception at one of the Cabinet houses, I was turning over and over in my mind that astounding communication signed "Well Wisher." Of course I chattered and laughed and exchanged the compliments of the season with those around me, and I listened attentively to the gossip and comments that circulated as freely as coin of the realm, but all the time I was wondering who my enemy was, or who Robert's enemy was, who, perhaps, meant to strike at him through me.

Partly on this account and partly because I was no longer solely the product of Spruce City, I viewed this reception with vastly different eyes from those of last year. One difference noticeable this year was that Mrs. Hay was absent from the receiving line, thus promoting Mrs. Gage to the place of honor beside Mrs. McKinley, and there were no young unmarried women in the receiving party save Miss Wilson, this last arrangement having come about by reason of the old war, ever waged here in Washington, of precedence and etiquette. Also, rather conspicuously missing from the Naval contingent were the retired officers. As I was going to the White House I met Admiral ——. I hailed him and asked:

"Why aren't you in uniform and on your way to the White House?"

"I am not expected," said he with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Not expected?" said I with an echo of surprise in my voice.

"No, the powers that be, Mrs. Slocum, forgot us this year. They sent us no notification to appear, and we're going to the club to jubilate over the fact."

And he passed on in high feather at escaping the function.

Otherwise the reception was "as like as two peas" to that of every dead and gone one. Certainly the gossip was just as rife as it is said to have been ever since Abigail Adams held her first "levee" under that roof. The dispenser of all gossip and rumor of this town stood near me, and she poured out a stream of comments that kept me on tenterhooks.

"Oh, Mrs. Slocum! do look at that bride over there with her monogram done in red on the backs of her gloves; where on earth could she hail from, do you suppose? And here comes Mrs. L—— in royal purple velvet. I wonder if she means it as a reflection of glory. And, good Heavens! what a strange figure of a woman that is over there. Oh, here comes General Miles! He doesn't look as though he feared any foe, not even a bovine one with horns and hoofs. And General Corbin does not give any sign of possible forthcoming matrimonial honors that I can see. Goodness me! What a hurry Mr. Dooley's relative, 'Cousin George,' is in! Why, he's half a mile ahead of the rest of the Naval contingent, and where are all the old admirals and commodores, I wonder? Here comes Secretary Root, I wonder if the Senate will make him disgorge the Lawshe report. He looks set enough not to. And oh, dear me! how some of those women are kow-towing to Baron G——! No diplomat ought ever to come here unmarried unless he wants to participate in the chief rôle at a lion hunt. My, but the Diplomatic women are a plain lot!"

"Oh, come now," said I, "I certainly think that Madame W—— is really beautiful and the Viscountess T—— is lovely."

"Well, yes, but they are the only two. As for the men!"

"Hush!" said I emphatically, and I edged away from her. All this show and glitter that stalked before my eyes made me suddenly turn my attention upon the Executive to observe his face and bearing, and I was surprised at the glimpse obtained. Just then Mr. Morelos, of the Spanish Legation, in full court regalia, came along and, spying me behind the line, made his way to me, saying gayly:

"What weighty legislative measure is Madame meaning to make or mar, that she looks so grave?"

I was startled by this salutation and said hurriedly as I ignored his question:

"Do take me out of this crowd. I want to go into the corridor and look through the doorway. I have a curiosity to see all this pomp and ceremony from there."

He quickly made a way for me, and I was soon leaning upon the heavy velvet rope which bars the open door from the corridor, and was gazing back into the faces of the receiving party and into the faces of the throng that stalked past.

I turned to Mr. Morelos after a moment and asked curiously:

"How does this sort of thing strike your foreign eyes?"

"Well, Madame," he said slowly, "if I may speak candidly I should say that it seems to me to be the American habit to be rather *triste* on such occasions. Your people are neither at work nor at play."

I pondered this. It seemed to be a very just view. I said:

"Do you do these things any better in your country, Mr. Morelos?" And as I spoke my eyes fell upon the Duke of Arcos in his gorgeous Spanish court dress and then wandered to the order upon Mr. Morelos' breast.

"Yes, and no, Madame. We differ in much. We do not shake, shake, and always shake the hand as in America."

"No," laughed I, "you only bend, bend, and forever bend the knee in your country."

And I glanced back to the figure of President McKinley, who was automatically shaking hands and smiling perfunctorily. It seemed to me that the Executive face was wearing an expressionless mask. Then my eye ran down the entire receiving line. The very same expression was to be found everywhere, and I glanced back curiously at Colonel Bingham, who was making the presentations, and at the gorgeous Major McCawley, who was repeating the names to Mrs. McKinley, and they, too, had the same set, automatic look. My eyes flew over the sea of faces behind the receiving line. Why, what ailed them all, I wondered. The deadly fascination of this neither-at-work nor at play attitude held me mute. I was asking myself if it were possible that the highest form of American society finds its expression in stalking about, continually shaking hands. If so, the end ought to come.

Mr. Morelos interrupted my communing with a melancholy inflection of tone as he said:

"I have never seen a President of the United States at play, Madame."

He spoke much as though it were the custom for our Executives to gambol upon the green when not signing bills or conducting campaigns, and as though he had been cheated out of a diplomatic right to see the President at his games. I smiled and said:

"Well, you should have seen this President at play a few weeks ago, Mr. Morelos. It was a very pretty sight. Little Leonora P——, a child of five or six, came one day to the White House to see Mrs. McKinley. Mrs. McKinley is very fond of children and she asked Leonora to visit her. Well, Leonora arrived all starched and frilled and with her best and primmest little manners to [illegible]. Her old black mammy nurse was with her, and it was evident that Leonora had been instructed to be very polite, and not to sit down in the presence of the mistress of the White House unless pressed to do so, and, above all, to answer all questions promptly. Both the President and Mrs. McKinley received the child. They did all they could to make her feel at home, but Leonora was evidently a good deal awed. At last Mrs. McKinley, observing the years of the old black mammy, pressed her to sit down, and the child too, but before the words were out of her mouth Leonora said admonishingly to her nurse in an undertone, and holding herself bolt upright:

'No, mammy; servants must not sit.'

"'Why, Leonora,' said Mrs. McKinley much amused 'mammy's an old woman. And you sit down yourself, don't you?'

'Oh, yes'm,' returned the child gravely, 'but, then, I'm people.'

"This reply nearly bowled the President over and he and Mrs. McKinley smiled broadly. Then Mrs. McKinley took out her watch, which contains a portrait of the President. She held it out and said coaxingly:

"'Leonora, you cannot tell me of whom this is a picture?'

"Leonora drew near and scanned the open watch. A bright look swept over her face. She smiled up at her host and hostess and said knowingly:

"'Oh, yes'm, I know who it is!'

"'Well, who is it, Leonora?'

'It's Dewey.'

'This was altogether too much for the President. He went off into a fit of laughter so long and so loud that some of the staff from the executive end of the building came hurriedly to learn what had happened. There was nothing too good for that child in the whole White House after her famous recognition of that picture. That, Mr. Morelos, was a time when a President of the United States was entirely off guard and was at play—with a little child."

"I should like to have seen it, Madame."

'The funny thing was," continued I, "the consternation of that old mammy. She said to me afterward:

"'Law me, Mrs. Slocum, I was that outdone with Leonora for tellin' Mrs. McKinley she was carryin' the Admiral's picture in her watch I could have whopped her.'

"'Oh, well,' said I, 'the President only thought it was very funny. He didn't mind.'

"'Yes'm,' said she, 'the President is real true quaint.'

After this for a few minutes we watched silently the stream of humanity that was being hurried past in the Blue Room, and then suddenly my eyes lighted upon Senator Lodge, just in the act of shaking hands all down the line. I began to smile and finally asked:

"Mr. Morelos, have you ever seen Senator Lodge's famous Botticelli?"

"No, I have not, Madame."

"Well, neither have I, but I have heard about it and its wonderful colors. If you ever happen to run across the now ex-Governor of New York, ask him about Senator Lodge's Botticelli."

"But, Madame, that might not be till after the ex-Governor's inauguration next March, and I should like to hear the story now."

"Well," said I, "the Governor, for he was Governor until to-day, was here visiting some time ago and he dined in a certain smart house. The conversation had ranged over a wide area of topics in which the arts, both of the brush and of the cuisine, had played important rôles. These two things became rather mixed up in the hostess' mind, probably, for she asked the Governor suavely:

"'Governor, have you seen Senator Lodge's Vermicelli that he brought over from Europe?'

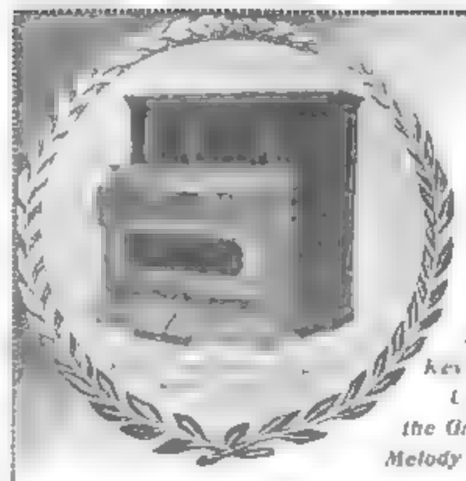
"'Why, no,' returned the Governor adjusting his glasses in a thoughtful way; 'what is there that is remarkable about Lodge's vermicelli?'

"'Why, the wonderful colors, Governor.'

"'But I thought that vermicelli was always white,' said the Governor.

"There was a moment of cloudy silence while hostess and Governor stared helplessly

Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.



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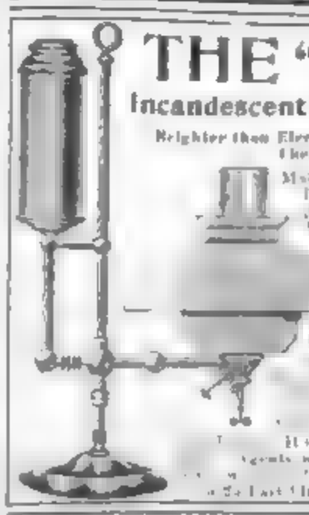

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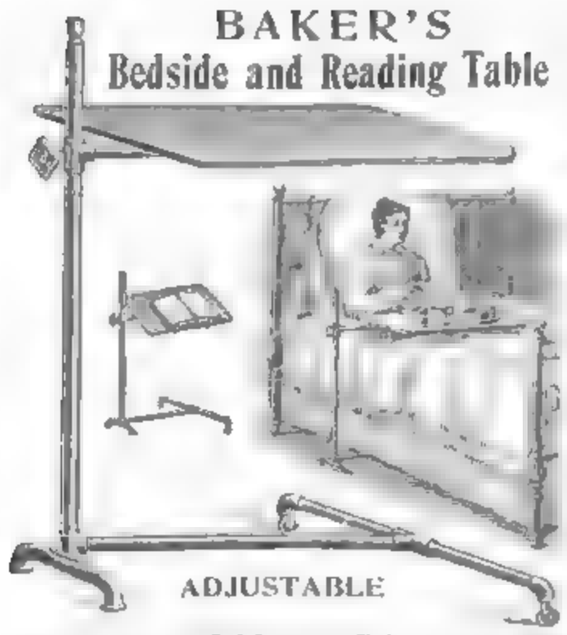

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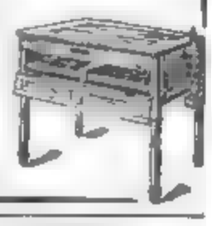

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at each other, and the rest of the table held its breath. Then suddenly some one took up the conversation and remarked in an every-day tone

"'I wonder where Lodge managed to find a genuine Botticelli.'

"There was a profound relief all around that table that was almost audible.'

We both were highly amused by this story of mine, and I was beginning to feel much cheered up and to forget the hateful communication at home, when it was all brought back to me by the approach of a group of foreigners along the corridor. They were just leaving to go to the Diplomatic breakfast at Secretary Hay's. They stopped to speak to us, of course, and I was relieved to find that among them was not a certain newcomer to America about whom I was beginning to feel a nervous apprehension. After they had passed on I said to Mr. Morelos:

"Mr. Morelos, you have met a Mr. X——, have you not—a newcomer to America?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Do you happen to know if he is here with any of the Embassies or Legations to-day?"

"I think he would not be here to-day. He is not in the Diplomatic service.

"What is his nationality?" asked I.

"Ah, that is puzzling. No one seems to know. His name might be German, or Austrian, or Prussian. For myself, Madame, I do not know.'

"What is he doing here?"

"Well, he seems to be here upon some special mission; probably something to do with the shipping subsidies or——"

"Ah," I said; "I thought so."

Mr. Morelos glanced at me a moment keenly. He went on:

"He brought, I am told, letters of introduction to Madame——, but he is not connected with any Legation or Embassy. I hope this Mr. X—— has not made himself in any way——"

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, hurriedly interrupting him. Then I added:

"The crowd is thinning. I am going on to Secretary——'s house to receive, and——"

"You have no doubt an arduous afternoon ahead of you still?" queried he.

Yes, I shall be at the Secretary's until five; then I shall look in for a moment at the Washington Club to hear what sort of an epitaph they will give to the dead century; then I shall go on to Miss E——'s tea. Have you ever been to the Washington Club, Mr. Morelos?"

"What! a man go to a woman's club? Ah, Madame, in my country we have no new women and new women's clubs."

I laughed at his old fogy, foreign disdain of women's clubs and said:

"You will look in at the Secretary's this afternoon?"

"Assuredly, Madame."

When I got home that day I found that Robert was dining out, and as soon that night as I could get rid of my maid I gave myself up to a perusal of my anonymous letter and to a thorough going over of the last week or two. As I turned the letter and the clipping over in my hands, I thought of the saying that "there is a Cato in every man, and he that reverences this judge will seldom do anything he need repent of," and I was wondering what had become of the Cato in me that I should have been led into this mess.

Robert would no doubt say that it had all come about because of my absurd mania for rushing around after the foreigners here, and that if I had not been ambitious to hobnob with them I should never have met this Mr. X—— at Madame——'s first evening reception. In reality, it had all come about because of my keen interest in all legislative matters, and because I have been hunting the legislative Snark so assiduously.

I picked up the clipping and scanned it closely, but both date and heading were missing. I could not fathom from what paper it had been cut. It was not from the Flapjack, for neither the type nor texture of paper was that of the Spruce City luminary, but how long would it be before it would be in big type in the Flapjack? This idea made me ill, for my mind flew to the possibility of its being used to hurt Robert before the caucus in Spruce City. Of course, my mind ran back over every incident in connection with the first political dinner I had given in December to Robert's fellow-politicians, the night when I had started Senator P—— talking of the Subsidy bill. I remembered that I had been curious about the bill because of the attitude of certain men in Congress toward it. I had been trying to get to the bottom of things political. I had wanted to know why men spoke and even voted in direct variance with their inner convictions, and I was curious to know what strings pulled them to such action. I remembered that I had started the ball rolling and had talked against the bill.

It was just before that dinner that I had had an experience which had startled me a bit and which had led me to mention that there was a foreign lobby at work against the bill, but I had not intended to convey any significance by my words, though I well remember that both Robert and Senator P—— questioned me at the time.

I remember I did think of mentioning this Mr. X—— and his ambiguous words, but I was so egotistically innocent that I never dreamed at first that he was trying to influence me to any action. Conscience, when it first smites, is said to be "an admonition."

I ought to have realized that this first conversation, vague as it was, was an admonition. A second smiting of conscience is said to be "a condemnation." Well, this anonymous letter that had smitten me that morning was my condemnation. I had met this Mr. X—— first at Madame——'s, and I supposed, of course, until Mr. Morelos informed me to the contrary, at the White House, that he was some newly arrived attaché of the Diplomatic Corps. His manners were perfect, but his English was monstrous.

However, our conversation then and after was always in French, for my French had recovered from its broken, halting condition of last year, and now I can converse in two languages, though, like the cautious general, I am still silent in eight of the other tongues. I wondered a little at this man's remaining so persistently at my side. I did not make the mistake of last winter in supposing it was my mature charms which attracted him, for I've been in Washington long enough to know better than that, for it is money, or position, or influence, or dinners—anything, in fact, rather than merit or charms—that attracts.

This Mr. X—— began by telling me that he was making a study of our wonderful Government, and he asked me many questions, which, gooselike, I was flattered into answering. He said that he had heard that I was a clever stateswoman and had everything at my fingers' ends. Fancy my swallowing that—but I did! After that first meeting I seemed to stumble upon him everywhere.

I remember going to a fashionable wedding and, when about to be seated in the pew at St. John's, found that he was standing in that very pew with deferential quietness, awaiting my recognition. Before the arrival of the bridal party there had been a great commotion and the whole church had risen and remained standing. He had glanced at me in puzzled questioning and I had whispered:

"Monsieur le Président est arrivé."

He raised his eyebrows, and almost his shoulders too, and whispered back:

"Comme la royauté."

Then I recalled that some one had brought him to my house on my reception day and that he had spoken of my wide acquaintance and my reputed influence in official quarters, and had talked in a way that made me uneasy, and after that I had tactfully tried to avoid him, but he seemed to be everywhere and always at my elbow. Never could I put my finger upon anything that was out of taste in his bearing or speech, yet I had begun to know there was a deep motive in his attentions, and to know at last what that motive was—and then when the morning of the New Year had dawned I received this anonymous letter and newspaper clipping. The latter read:

> It is becoming a matter of gossip in Washington that a certain Congressman's wife, who affects the foreign smart set, has been lending her influence quietly against a particular bill that is before the Senate, under what European promise of reward is not known. This lady has given political dinners to the promoters of this bill, hoping to weaken their support of it, even though such action on her part is not in accord with the interests of her husband's constituents, who control a great part of the commerce of the Great Lakes.

Fancy this bomb being received on New Year's morning. Truly I did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

For myself it would not much matter, but this clipping, if it were picked up and copied in the Flapjack, could be used as capital against Robert before the Legislature. In my mind I saw the vision of the Senate recede and gradually fade out. When I closed my weary eyes that night I felt that at last, after all my hunting for the political Snark, my capture had turned out to be a Boojum.

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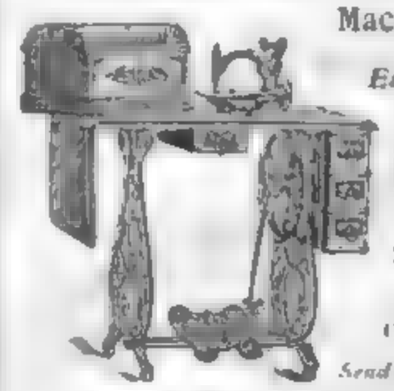

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The Essentials of Polar Expeditions

(Continued from Page 3)

Baby Peary, born in the Arctic regions

bag and sealed, and delivered up to the Government, and are not returned until the commander has made free use of them in his report. It is at the option of the Government whether the material is ever returned at all

In Government expeditions, as in many private ones, the members are paid regular salaries. The modern relief expedition is managed on a different basis, for the men contribute not only their own services but give of their means to its support.

Verhoeff, for example, one of the permanent members of Peary's North Greenland Expedition of 1891-'92, and the meteorologist of the party, contributed $2000. The rest of the men, with the exception of Peary's colored servant, contributed their services. In the Peary Relief Expedition of 1891 '92 each member subscribed a certain sum for his passage. This was in addition to the amount raised by the friends of the expedition. The members of the North Greenland Expedition of 1893-'94 were to receive the sum of $200, for two years, merely to bind the contract The author paid to go as an independent member and as the artist of the expedition Peary's colored servant received a regular salary, as did the nurse of Mrs. Peary's baby —born a few weeks after our arrival in Bowdoin Bay. Eivind Astrup contributed sledge material and foot gear amounting to about $1 300

The relations of the leader with his men are supposed to be in the line of a friend with his friends. But often his attitude, and actions as well, are entirely selfish, and therefore, on the return of the expedition, the public hears murmurings which are rarely given more than passing notice. The world pays attention only to men of prominence, without much regard as to how they have succeeded.

I am inclined from personal observation and experience to believe that the grievances of those who usually do all of the hardest work and endure most of the exposure, but who, as a rule, get little credit for it, are generally well founded. There are fortunately but few ghastly tales of cruelty to tell of these expeditions. There is no record of self sacrifice more truly noble than the histories of those heroes at the drag-ropes, or at the oars, who struggled on because the failure of one would compromise the safety of all

The Cost of Polar Expeditions

Relatively speaking, the cost of Polar expeditions has diminished rather than increased. More than three hundred years ago Willoughby's expedition cost $60,000, an enormous sum for that day. Sir John Ross' expedition, from the years 1829 to 1833, was a private enterprise, costing $100,000. Back's successful and difficult trip to explore the Great Fish River, in 1833-'35, cost only $25,000. An extraordinary example of achievement with small expenditure was Middendorf's Siberian Expedition of 1844, costing only $8585. According to the report of the English Admiralty, the costs of the various Franklin Search Expeditions from 1848 to 1854 amounted to $4,166,665

Peary's plan of employing the Eskimo is well and good when circumstances bring plenty of food, but if Peary gets into difficulty and supplies fail, if the dogs break down under the terrible ravages of madness from exposure or "peh block-toe," his Eskimo friends will not be able to understand the reason for lingering in a region where there is no food, and will conclude that Peary, too, is "peh block toe." The Eskimo, or Innuit, is a good natured child and cannot be reasoned with, and some day he may leave Peary, and the leader will know nothing about it until too late, for in true Eskimo fashion it will be "French leave." Never before in the story of Arctic research had a commander been able to make a systematic advance from a base of supplies—with the advantage of having this base renewed from year to year by relief expeditions—until the Peary Expedition of 1898.

Although Peary belongs to the Navy, his expeditions have been fitted out with proceeds from his lectures, sales from his own and his wife's book contributions from the geographical societies of New York and Philadelphia, and private contributions. The Government has allowed him furloughs with half pay almost uninterruptedly, commencing in 1888, then from 1891 up to 1898, when he was granted an additional furlough of five years

The heroic, ill fated "Jeannette" expedition of 1879 '81, under DeLong, was fitted out by the liberality of James Gordon Bennett at a cost of $340,000, but the officers and men were detailed from the naval service Nansen's unparalleled voyage in the Fram, across the unknown Polar Ocean, in the years 1893-'96, cost only $125,000. The Fram, specially built, cost $80,000

The Choice of Vessels for the Work

In these expeditions, with very few exceptions, the vessels used have not been built for the purpose, but have been taken from the ranks of the whalers and sealers, which are pretty well adapted for their own particular work. They are obtained in Great Britain, at Peterhead, Aberdeen, Greenock and Dundee; also at Tonsburg, Norway; and at St. Johns, Newfoundland; Sidney, Cape Breton, and New Bedford, Massachusetts

Amongst Arctic authorities on the constructive lines of vessels, as well as on certain canons of ice navigation, there is pretty general agreement; and until Archer, in collaboration with Nansen, designed the Fram, the regulation sealer or whaler was always used, with additional strengthening. The typical sealer is generally barkentine-rigged; the whaler a brig or ship; but the Fram was schooner-rigged, and answered perfectly the demands upon her.

The prow of the sealer or whaler is built solid with oak beams, bolted together for six feet aft, and is further strengthened by heavy iron plates fastened on the outside for charging the ice. Besides being braced inside by knees and transverse beams, the hull is covered for its whole length with a sheathing of one of the hardest of woods, green heart or iron-wood, from the water line to the turn of the bilge

The propeller is made of bell-metal that will bend and not break, and is hung in a well, by which means it can quickly be raised out of danger from the ice. An extra rudder is also provided. Steam power is considered indispensable. The engine is set well aft and protected by the coal bunkers on either side

The ship is also fitted with a "lookout," near the top of the foremast or the mainmast, called the "crow's nest," which is a large barrel with a trapdoor in the bottom, where the man on watch can better see the leads or open water spaces through which to guide the vessel.

A vessel, to be serviceable in Polar ice, must not be large. From 150 to not more than 300 tons is the limit. Being small they can be built more compactly, are more easily handled at critical periods, and will stand the strain of charging the ice and the jar from the engines. This is considerable, and the rate of speed must be moderate; therefore from three to six miles an hour is sufficient, for it has been found that even a rate of eight or ten miles an hour renders the ship unseaworthy, as in her buttings with the ice she is incessantly exposed to shocks, which tend to loosen her framework. A large vessel in the midst of the ice pack might be crushed or nipped while trying to make for the open water, or while turning or backing; whereas a small vessel could take advantage of lesser "leads" and thus escape into open water or free ice

The recent success of the Russian steel ice breaker, Vermak, in making her way through fourteen feet thickness of ice north of Spitzbergen, may revolutionize methods of Polar expeditions

The question arises, and can only be solved by actual experience, whether enough fuel can be carried for a trip to the Pole Built of steel, and not in rounded lines like the Fram, which was built of elastic wood, will a ship rise out of the ice under its terrible pressure? Upon this quality depends her safety. There is no construction made by man that will withstand the direct crushing power of the Polar pack

After careful comparison of the experiences of the different expeditions, it can safely be argued that, as between woolen and fur, the latter is superior. It is claimed for the former that it absorbs perspiration, and thus keeps the body dry, but Nansen found that the perspiration came through and froze on the outside, thus converting it into a suit of ice armor, which, as he moved, broke at the elbows, wrists, and all places where movement occurred, and being stiff, it cut through the flesh

On lying down to rest the heat of the body melted this ice casing, and he had to lie in cold, wet garments On the other hand [illegible]'s experience shows that reindeer skin is absolutely impervious to the searching lower temperatures and the fine, impalpable snow dust, and is very much lighter than woolens The fur suit is worn over a loose suit of winter underwear, which absorbs the dampness. Everything depends, however, on whether the wearer knows how to make and wear a fur suit properly

Value of Sledges and Eskimo Dogs

One of the most important items in the equipment is the sledge, the construction of which must be thoroughly understood, for upon its proper building depend in large measure the lives of the party and the success of the expedition. In earlier Arctic work ships were solely relied upon, and it was not until the second and third voyages of Parry and the second voyage of John Ross that sledges were used. Extensive explorations by this means were not seriously thought of until the Franklin Search Expeditions between 1848 and 1854

Although reindeer were tried as early as Parry's time for drawing the sledge, and Jackson speaks approvingly of the Russian pony, the Eskimo dog or domesticated wolf remains the best draft animal of the Polar latitudes. That most wonderful of all animals, man, has demonstrated a great capacity in this direction as in many others The advantage of the dog is speed, which means a saving of time, food and strain on the men

The advantage of the man is that the amount of food he requires can be perfectly calculated, and he can go over any kind of surface, whereas an Eskimo dog is useless over very rough ground or ice. Modern explorers have every advantage over those of bygone days in condensed foods, and a large variety of preserved fruits and vegetables. They thus avoid weight, and the carriage of "salt horse" and other objectionable foods that induce scurvy. The old fellows did not mind carrying with them, however, such items as Davis' brass band to amuse the natives, and bales of silk for the Asiatic princes on the route to India by the Northeast Passage

In the summer season the Polar regions teem with game, but it is an uncertain element, as they change their habitat very unceremoniously, and therefore great care must be exercised in the amount and quality of food taken. Altogether, tea is more healthful and nourishing to the men during the hard working trips than coffee, and is compressed into quarter-pound tablets which are wrapped in tin-foil. Pea soup is packed in the same manner.

Pemmican is not to be omitted, as it contains a greater amount of nourishment for the space it occupies than any other food. It is made as follows: Beef of the best quality is selected, from which the fat and membranous parts are melted away. It is then dried in a malt kiln over an oak fire, until the moisture entirely disappears and the fibre becomes friable; then it is ground in a malt mill into fine grated meat. It is next mixed with a nearly equal weight of melted beef suet or lard. In order to render it more agreeable, it is sometimes mixed with currants, or partly sweetened with sugar or chocolate. It

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Careful Study of Foods a Requisite

During a journey it is eaten just as it is. It is wonderful how many things pemmican resembles when the famished explorer, after chopping the tin in two with an ax (as it is frozen hard), sits down on his sledge, with some cold tea in the empty pemmican can in one hand and a piece of [illegible] like pemmican in the other. He scrapes off a bit with his teeth and imaginatively tastes delicious roast beef, chicken, spring lamb, beefsteak, turkey or any other meat that he has a craving for

Explorers who have adopted the methods of the natives with intelligent discrimination have been better able to stand the climate, and much of Hall's and Peary's success is due to such a course. When Nansen and Johannsen had killed their last dog and found the longed for land, they built a rude hut of stones and turf, and lived through the long winter on bear meat and walrus meat; and, in spite of this restriction to a meat diet, they emerged out of the Arctic night healthy and strong, and ready to make their way back to civilization

From the ignorance generally displayed by even cultivated people in their questionings as to Polar matters, one is constrained to believe that they only read a headline in the papers—or at best a paragraph or two by persons incompetent to write about Polar expeditions—and I shall therefore close this article with an endeavor to meet some of these queries, although they have been answered time and again by different explorers

What does the explorer get out of it? If he has been successful he obtains the coveted distinction of a medal from the learned geographical societies, besides the decorations bestowed by royalty, and if he be in the army or navy is frequently advanced to high rank. He is often knighted. Queen Elizabeth presented Sir Humphrey Gilbert with a jewel consisting of a small anchor of beaten gold, with a large pearl on the peak, which he evermore wore on his breast The renowned Captain Cook received the Copley medal in 1776, and a medal was specially struck in his honor.

Peary has received the first medal awarded by a geographical society of this country—the Cullom medal from the Geographical Society of New York—besides the Patrons or Victoria medal from the Royal Geographical Society of England

An explorer always publishes a book which in some instances nets him substantial sums But whether he be successful in his quest or not, he has the consciousness of having performed his duty in surmounting great difficulties

What do the men get out of it? As we have before stated, the majority of the expeditions have been sent out by the different Governments, and the men were paid regular salaries. In order to stimulate the search for the much-coveted Northwest Passage, the British Admiralty offered a premium of £10,000 to the expedition or whaler that should be successful. Parry and his associates were awarded £5000 for passing meridian 110° west longitude. The Admiralty awarded to Doctor Rae and his companions £10,000 for the first clue of Franklin. McClure was knighted and £10,000 was voted him and his comrades by the House of Commons for the discovery of the Northwest Passage. During the Franklin search the British Admiralty paid to the most deserving ships of whalers who joined in the search £400

Aside from the crews of whalers and sealers who, in their quest after commercial gains, really discovered more new lands and seas than, on account of their carelessness in reporting, they will ever get credit for, the men, outside of their wonderful experiences, get, as a rule, very little out of it. They are under such strict contracts

Much of their reward—and they don't often get it—is a sort of immortalization from being mentioned in the narrative of the expedition. Some of the leaders give just and full credit to the men, as instance Doctor Nansen in his First Crossing of Greenland "But my *chief* thanks are nevertheless owing to my five comrades, to whose combined efforts the *success* is of course mainly due."

When Doctor Nansen received the special gold medal struck in his honor by the Royal Geographical Society of England, on his return from the Fram expedition, his officers, at the same time, received a replica in silver and each of his men one of bronze. This was repeated by the Société de Géographie of France and that of Berlin

What the world gets out of it: The rediscovery of the American Continent was a result of the search for the Northwest Passage Most people will be surprised to learn that in a little over two centuries $1,000,000,000 in value have been yielded to the world by these so-called barren, unfruitful wastes of snow and ice. The Dutch Whale Fishery, from 1668 to 1778, aggregated in value over $100,000,000. Scoresby, in thirty voyages, caught fish to the value of $1,000,000 The British Whale Fishery $250,000,000. The product of the American Whale Fishery from 1804 to 1877 was $ [illegible] The aggregate of these three nations is $680,000,000 In this estimate no account has been taken of the wealth accumulated from the fur seal, the millions of common seal, the great cod fisheries of Newfoundland and Labrador, the walrus and shark fisheries, and again the immense products from the establishment of the ancient Hudson Bay Company

We are all familiar with the fabulous mineral resources of regions that have been supposed to be utterly worthless—as Alaska and Siberia. Labrador, too, is very rich in this respect. There is no real reason to believe that Greenland is destitute of rich mineral ores. As Nansen has truly said "There is as much reason for asking, what is the use of science, as to ask of what use it is to explore the Polar regions."

So if we ask of what benefit is Polar exploration, we must also ask of what benefit is science. Men of the highest scientific attainments state that until the ellipticity of the world is measured no boundary line can be run with precision, maps will be uncertain, and shoals and dangers cannot be charted with accuracy In order to overcome

this difficulty a Northern Arc must be measured near the Pole

A complete knowledge of the great Polar regions, with their vast ocean and air currents, will be necessary to the unfolding of Nature's secrets, whereby temperature and storms can be actually foretold, and perhaps other mighty forces discovered. After casting a glance over the whole course of Polar exploration, with its array of undaunted hero souls, one cannot help coming to the conclusion that the *one essential to success* in this most hazardous field is a *fit leader and fit men*. All honor, then, to those whose purpose held to sail beyond the sunset.

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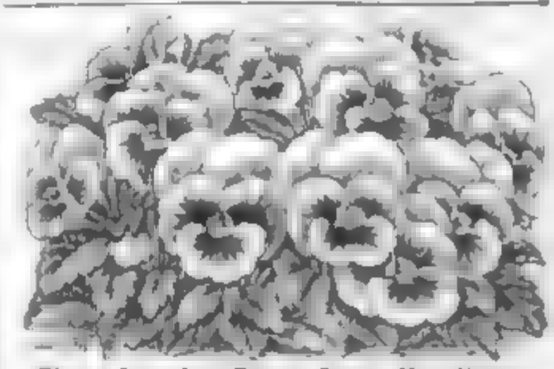

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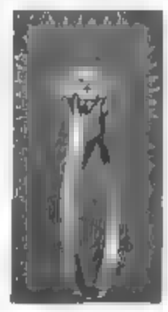

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Forestry, the New Profession

By René Bache

TO THE young man freshly provided with an education who is puzzled as to how to utilize it, a new profession offers itself, possessing the advantages of good pay, healthfulness and variety of work, and a demand far exceeding the supply of persons available for service. It is the occupation of forestry, which is beginning to assume a remarkable development in this country, owing to an awakening of the people to the fact that the forested areas of the country are a great source of present and future wealth and that their preservation is a vital necessity. With the birth of this idea has come a demand for the adoption of proper methods for the management of this wealth in woods, and the Government is taking measures of wide scope and important effect in that direction.

The business of forest management on a great scale cannot be conducted without a large number of intelligent and specially trained men, and, with this fact in mind, the Government is now educating in the art a considerable number of young college graduates and paying them for their services. Sixty-five of them were maintained in the field last summer, and about twenty five are at present kept busy in Washington. Eventually they will become full-fledged foresters, and, having learned the business, will readily command good salaries, either in Uncle Sam's employ or elsewhere, as will presently be explained

The Government work has hardly more than begun, but it is growing fast. There are nearly 50,000,000 acres of national forest reserves in this country, and for their conservative management Uncle Sam's Forest Bureau is making working plans. The States are taking a most active interest in the matter, especially New York, in whose behalf the Bureau is preparing working plans for about 1,250,000 acres. In addition, the Bureau has applications for similar working plans for 2,500,000 acres belonging to private owners

From 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres of Government forest in the Philippines require attention, and the office in charge of forestry work at Manila, under Captain Ahearn, of the Ninth Infantry, is anxious to obtain the services of competent experts in this line.

The Growing Demand for Foresters

While other occupations, and particularly the professions, are desperately crowded, there is such a lack of foresters that there is no prospect of supplying the demand for a long time to come. They cannot be obtained because they are not to be found in this country. The Forest Bureau in Washington now has in its employ every expert of this kind in the United States, barring perhaps half a dozen, and is looking vainly for more. The force now available has work ahead of it, already outlined, which would fully occupy it for fifty years to come. Applications already received for working plans cover more than 50,000,000 acres, and these alone would take the entire time of the present working staff for twenty years.

The demand is far beyond the supply, and the opportunity offered to young men who are looking for an occupation in life is proportionately great. There is a chance for a good many to learn the business under Government auspices, but it ought to be explained at the start that only college graduates are accepted as pupils by the Forest Bureau in Washington. This Bureau is a division of the Department of Agriculture, and the head of it is Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who, aided by other members of his family, recently secured by endowment the establishment of a forest school at Yale University. Any young man who will go through that school, the course at which requires two years, may count with reasonable certainty on getting regular employment in the Forest Bureau, which is eager to obtain the services of persons so trained

For a young man of the right sort there is some prospect of obtaining employment with the Forest Bureau without going through the school as a preliminary. He should write to Mr. Pinchot, making his application, and in reply he will receive a blank, which he is to fill out, telling all about himself and what his training has been. Under ordinary circumstances he will stand about one chance in five of being accepted. Should he be fortunate, he will be assigned to a field party—probably in Tennessee, or Washington State, or South Dakota, and will be instructed to proceed to his destination direct, reporting in camp. He will be required to pay his own traveling expenses

From the time of his appointment he ranks as a "student assistant" in the Forest Bureau, and it is understood that he is in the field for the purpose of rendering what service he can to the party while acquiring the rudiments of the art of forestry It is experience of the most practical kind, and only in such a way can the beginner find out what forestry actually is. He gets twenty-five dollars a month, and pays his own traveling expenses when he goes home at the end of the season. But if he is a capable fellow he has a fair chance of being taken to Washington for the winter and kept on the pay-roll, in which case Uncle Sam will probably buy his railroad ticket. As already stated, twenty five student assistants were thus maintained at the Capital last winter.

The Forest Bureau would employ a much larger number of student assistants if Congress would provide the necessary money. As it is, each young man costs the Government about forty dollars a month while in the field, including expenses for the transfer of the parties from one place to another. A field party may restrict its operations to a small extent of territory, covering only fifteen or twenty square miles, or it may range over distances of 400 or 500 miles. It has two main lines of work, the first being to find out the "stand" for each acre—that is, the number of feet of merchantable lumber available; and the other to ascertain the proportion of different kinds and sizes of trees in the forest

How Trees are Studied Practically

For illustration, suppose that there are one thousand trees, ten inches in diameter, of a species which will gain one inch in seven years, and that there is no good market for ten-inch trees in that region, although there is a demand for twelve-inch trees. At the end of fourteen years those one thousand trees will be merchantable, and will offer in effect so many board feet which were not there before. This represents in a nutshell the idea of the forestry business, which is purely economic and practical. In order to find out how fast a tree may be expected to increase in diameter the expert makes what is called a "stem analysis," and is thus enabled to determine the rate of growth in height and girth at different periods in the tree's life.

When these results are worked up it is known what a particular forest is capable of producing. Then the field party studies the "silvicultural characteristics" of the forest, which have to do chiefly with its reproduction and the kind of measures that must be taken in lumbering to secure the safety of the young growth and the future productiveness of a given area. Also, a study is made of markets, taxes, transportation facilities, and other matters that go to determine whether or not it will pay a man to cut off his timber by conservative lumbering—which is another name for forestry—and to hold the land for a second crop of timber. This second crop may be ripe in fourteen years, or in forty years, according to circumstances; but the important thing is to decide whether the growth will exceed in value the outgo for taxes, protection and interest.

When a young man goes to the forest school at Yale—altogether the best way to begin—he devotes the first year of the course to learning about the life of the forest, the ways in which to study it, the art of making forest measurements, and how to carry on the routine work of the forester. Also, he perfects himself in auxiliary studies, such as those of soils, botany and physical geography, which have an important relation to trees. In the second year he studies the application of all these things to the practical handling of forest lands and the making of working plans for conservative lumbering

If only one application out of five for employment in the Forest Bureau may be expected to be successful, what, it may be asked, are the four unsuccessful young men to do? The answer is that they must go to some school of forestry. The best one is at Yale, but there are others. Beginning next July, there will be a summer school of forestry, with annual sessions, at Milford, Pennsylvania, especially intended for learners just starting in at the work, for teachers

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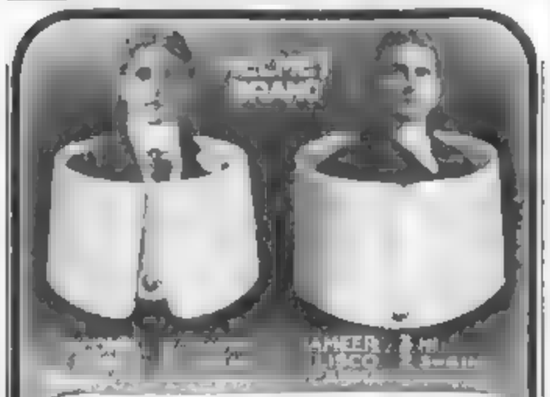

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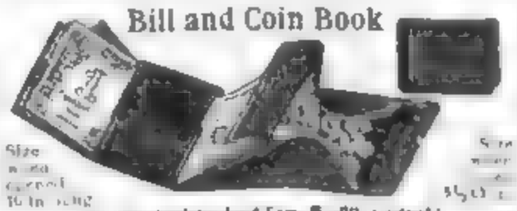

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In the countries of Europe forestry is an old story, and its objects are well understood.

Here the people are only just beginning to grasp the fact that it is wholly economic, and distinct from landscape gardening, fruit culture and the planting of trees in cities. But, though public interest in forestry is of such recent birth in the United States, its growth has been astonishingly rapid. The time has come when, with the development of an American system of forestry, the adoption of a general system of conservative lumbering and of proper management of the wooded areas must follow.

The young man who is graduated from a forest school is likely at once to find employment with the Government, or in work for one or another of the States, which, as already said, are beginning to take great interest in the future of their own forest reserves. Presumably, there will be no lack of occupation for experts in this line during a generation yet to come. And in conclusion it may be mentioned that the creation of great game preserves in this country is going to make a demand for many foresters, as every tract set apart for such purposes requires the active management of a man thoroughly trained in this craft.

Food from Coal Tar

RECENTLY many prophecies have been offered as to the prospects for supplying food for man from the chemical factory. M. Berthelot, a famous French savant, declares that the laboratory of the not distant future will be able to furnish not merely all of the articles of diet now familiar, but also many that are as yet unknown. Unfortunately, it must be acknowledged that as yet chemistry has not learned how to counterfeit a raw potato successfully. It has not even achieved synthetic string beans. There has been scarce a reaching-out in the direction of the imitation watermelon; that is on the other side of the molecular snake-fence.

Nevertheless, while the feeding of mankind from the laboratory may still be some distance away, some notable results have been obtained.

Chemistry has evolved sugars artificially—not cane sugar as yet, but glucose and fruit sugar, which are valuable food products. These have been obtained from coal tar, the most important work in this line being credited to a German named Fischer, who has manufactured a number of kinds of sugar never heard of before and which are unknown in Nature. Saccharine—a substance three hundred times as sweet as cane sugar—has been made from coal tar. Practically all of the colors used in the arts and industries to-day are got from aniline—a compound extracted from coal tar. It is colorless, but its salts have all the hues of the rainbow. From coal tar, also, are produced numerous valuable medicines, particularly anti-febrile remedies.

That synthetic foods are not a mere dream was evidenced by the actual manufacture of certain edible fats many years ago by Chevreul, a French chemist. A sensation has been created recently by the building up of an artificial albumen, made by Professor Lilienfeld, of Vienna. This is a synthetic product, and it may be described as a substance possessing some of the properties of white of egg. If it has the nutritive properties of white of egg it is extremely valuable, and may be considered as representing a long step toward the solution of the laboratory food problem. However, a suspicion exists that it is non-fermentable, which would imply that it cannot be digested. If that is true, the substance would be like so much dead matter in the stomach.

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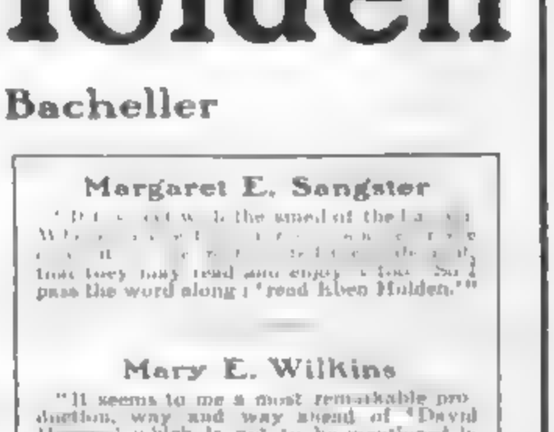
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China from Divergent Viewpoints

Here are two little books which stand in strange, almost terrible, contrast—the one (*China's Only Hope; by Chang Chih Tung: Fleming H. Revell Company*) written by one of the highest officials of China, the Viceroy of one of the provinces, progressive, courageous and of prime ability, yet in the grasp of a conservatism so strong that he holds an event or a saying which happened one or two thousand years ago to be precisely applicable to a present situation; the other (*The Siege in Peking: Fleming H. Revell Company*) by Dr. W. A. P. Martin, President of the Imperial University of China, or Tung Wên, author, man of affairs and doctor both of law and divinity. More than seventy years of age, Doctor Martin survived the terrors of the Peking siege, acting for many hours a day as inspector of passes at the gate-house of the British Legation. Conversely as Chang Chih Tung represents Chinese progress—a sort of Tory Radicalism, as it were—so does Doctor Martin embody the restraining wisdom of years and prudence in a fierce and sudden movement destined to carry civilization to its farthest possibilities by religion, commerce and the arts of peace, or, if not by these, then by unavoidable warfare.

Once in a while, but not often, pamphlets have done a rapid and effective work. Immediacy of the appeal is the explanation Swift's Conduct of the Allies and Paine's Common Sense were in their day potent weapons, and of such a nature is Chang Chih Tung's address to the nation of which he is a devoted patriot. A million copies are said to have found circulation in China, and it is well that American and English readers are now provided with this translation. Even as thus made an open book to the Western mind it is none the less a strange one. Of its seriousness and honesty there is no doubt, for it was written when the Chinese nation was slowly gathering its wits after the late war with Japan, and when the need of some remedial program was felt even by the unchanging minds of the Chinese. Yet in spite of the ingenuousness of the Viceroy's *concio ad populum*, it is possible to imagine it to be some tremendous satire, so futile are many of its suggestions, put forward with a *naïveté* difficult to understand in a man of recognized force and discernment. Jonathan Swift, in one of his savage humors, or even the more urbane Benjamin Franklin, might have conceived it as the happy deliverance of an abounding Occidental wit. While Doctor Martin, representing the combined and irresistible forces of civilization, asserts without a tremor of hesitation that Christianity is the one sure engine of reform, Chang Chih Tung, with even greater assurance, falls back on his "Holy Religion," Confucianism, as the sole means of salvation. In the chapter on Establishment of Schools he would have the temples and monasteries of Taoists and Buddhists, in the proportion of seven out of every ten, converted into schools, for the teaching of the Four Books, the Five Classics and the Tung Kien, a history written in 1084 A. D., and comprising two hundred and ninety four books. These and other indispensables of Chinese civic and intellectual life are to be followed by a liberal and extensive borrowing from Western learning, particularly in science, and through the indirect medium of secondary translation from the Japanese. The sum of the Viceroy's appeal is that "the fate of China depends upon the *literati* alone." There is not the faintest expression of hope that national and ethical character may slowly be modified, but only a demand for the remodeling of system. He is in deadly earnest in regard to the expulsion of opium, but no light enters his mind as to the deeper and even more destructive habits of his race. "The Sovereign is the head of the Subject, the Father is the head of the Son, and the Husband is the head of the Wife. These tenets have been handed down from the Sages, and as Heaven does not change, so they never change." Thus speaks Chang Chih Tung, second perhaps only to Li Hung Chang in discernment, and superior to him in stability of character, for he has never feathered his own nest at the expense of his country, and is possessed of nobler traits than tact and astuteness.

The Viceroy's opinion of the true status of woman finds a curious answer in Doctor Martin's book, where he ascribes to both sexes practically an equal share in the responsibilities and dangers of the siege. Without the devotion and inspiration of the women, Doctor Martin thinks that the men cooped up in Peking would hardly have borne the strain. There is little question of headship in sieges!

These small but vivid books should first be read by way of contrast, and then by the test of absolute conditions. —*Lindsay Swift.*

The Love of an Englishwoman

The British publishers of An Englishwoman's Love Letters desire that they should be accepted as genuine correspondence and the American publishers (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*) repeat this assertion, explaining in a brief preface that an "all commanding" request—from whom it is not stated—authorizes their being given to the world, though meant for but a single pair of eyes. Readers of Mrs. Edith Wharton's story, The Touchstone, will not fail to understand the nature of this request, if the letters are what they purport to be.

Certain it is that their author has every appearance of being very much in love with somebody. "Dearests" and "Beloveds" are strewn over the pages as thickly as "buts" and "ands" in ordinary correspondence. She tells the gentleman to whom they are addressed that he is her share of the world, and also her share of Heaven, with other remarks of an equally ardent character, thrilling to the recipient, but not—one would suppose—keenly interesting to the public. In fact, the earlier letters are mainly composed of such statements, until the writer begins to travel on the Continent when she varies their monotony with welcome little descriptions of scenery and pictures—of Italian cabmen whom she finds extortionate, poor things! and of Italian beggars whom she considers dirty. It is evident she is an Englishwoman of radical tendencies.

Perhaps men weary of an affection too ardently pressed upon them. Perhaps,

One foot in sea, and one on shore,

their incurable inconstancy cannot brook a chain more lightly worn. There comes a sad break in these amorous letters owing to the lover's ungrateful rejection of them. In vain he is assured, "We were shaped for each other from our birth." Apparently he does not think so, and the book ends very pitifully in long trailing sobs, only silenced by death. The editor would have us believe "that to the memory of neither does any blame belong. They were the victims of circumstances which came whole out of the hands of Fate." But this is a feeble excuse to offer for a waywardness as old as humanity itself.

"A man who writes love-letters in this strain," observes Mr. Arnold, of Keats, "is probably predestined to misfortunes [illegible] love affairs;" and so perhaps was the poor Englishwoman who had never learned to put a seasonable constraint upon her emotions. "Think how ravished I would be," she writes, "if you brought me a coat and told me it was all your own making! One day you had thrown down a mere tailor-made thing in the hall, and yet I kissed it as I went by. And that was at a time when we were only at the hand shaking stage—the palsied beginnings of love—*you*, I mean."

What wonder if he wished he had not journeyed farther on the way!

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Mrs. Townsend's Anglicism

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Townsend, better known as Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, no longer has a home in America. Her beautiful house in the most fashionable quarter of Washington is "for sale or to let." It has been put in order for strangers. Mrs. Hodgson Townsend's den on the third floor has been dismantled, and her special belongings there, as well as the beautiful full-length portraits of her two boys, and everything, in short, to which she had a personal attachment, have been sent to her English home, Maytham Hall, Rolvenden, Kent. She may return to this country as a visitor this winter, and probably often afterward, but it is not likely that she will ever again have an American home. Mr. Stephen Townsend,

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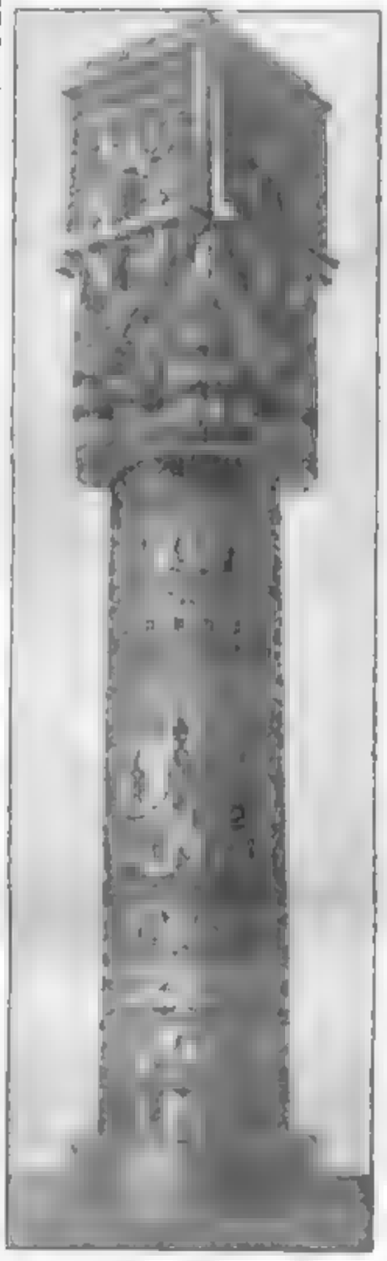

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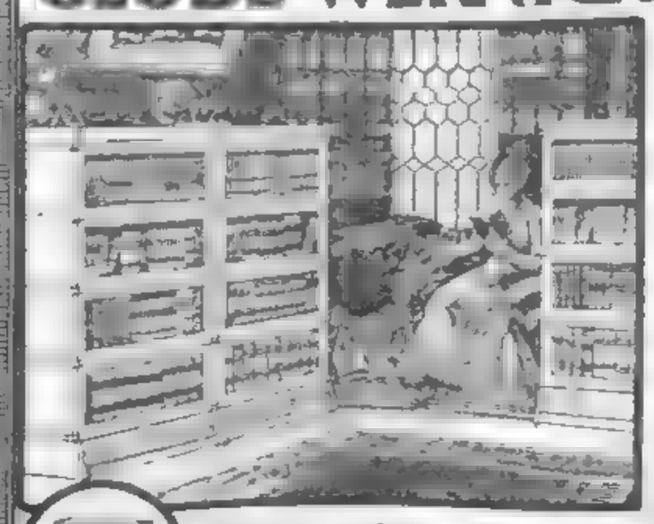

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her second husband, is an Englishman, and has all an Englishman's attachment to his native land.

It is a source of regret that this distinguished woman should no longer be a dweller in America, but although she gives up her American home she is loyal to America in many ways, because, as she says, "My boy is an American—and I am glad he is."

Gilbert Parker in Egypt

After work comes rest, even for the busiest man. So Mr. Parker for a month at Brighton rested from the fatigues of the late campaign. Afterward he went to Egypt, whence he returned only when summoned by the opening of Parliament.

Egypt is to play an important part in Mr. Parker's future. The announcement can now be made, and it is one of no small interest to the literary world, that we have seen almost the last of Canada in his work. After The Lane that Had No Turning, recently concluded in The Saturday Evening Post, there is one more Canadian novel which will appear next year; that is the end. Mr. Parker says that he has said what he had to say on Canada, and that he does not mean to continue writing with his memories of the country gradually fading. For three winters he has been studying Egypt and collecting materials, and there is an important Egyptian novel nearly ready. The combination of the Orient with Mr. Parker's romantic vigor and delicacy of expression ought to be admirable.

The Versatile Irvings

Sir Henry Irving's sons, both of them hard and successful workers at the actor's art, would seem to be determined to prove not only that talent is hereditary, but that they, both of them, have literary abilities which their father has not shown, except in his occasional admirably phrased addresses.

The work of the younger son, Mr. Laurence Irving, has been that of a playwright, but that of his elder brother, Mr. H. B. Irving, is as aloof from the theatre as can well be. It must be remembered, however, that from the beginning of his career the latter has had, so to speak, two strings to his bow. When he was acting at the Comedy Theatre, in 1894, he became a barrister of the Inner Temple; and the honors which he took at Oxford in Modern History bore fruit, in 1898, in the publication of a Life of Judge Jeffreys. Since then, although Mr. Irving has worked as hard as any London actor at his profession, he has still found time for literature, and is understood to have another book ready for the printers; this time a series of papers on famous murders and murder trials—a natural development of his legal training and reading. In these days, when people are so fond of saying of an actor that he is always an actor and only an actor, it is pleasant to write of one who has a distinct place in the ranks of authors as well.

The New Webster's

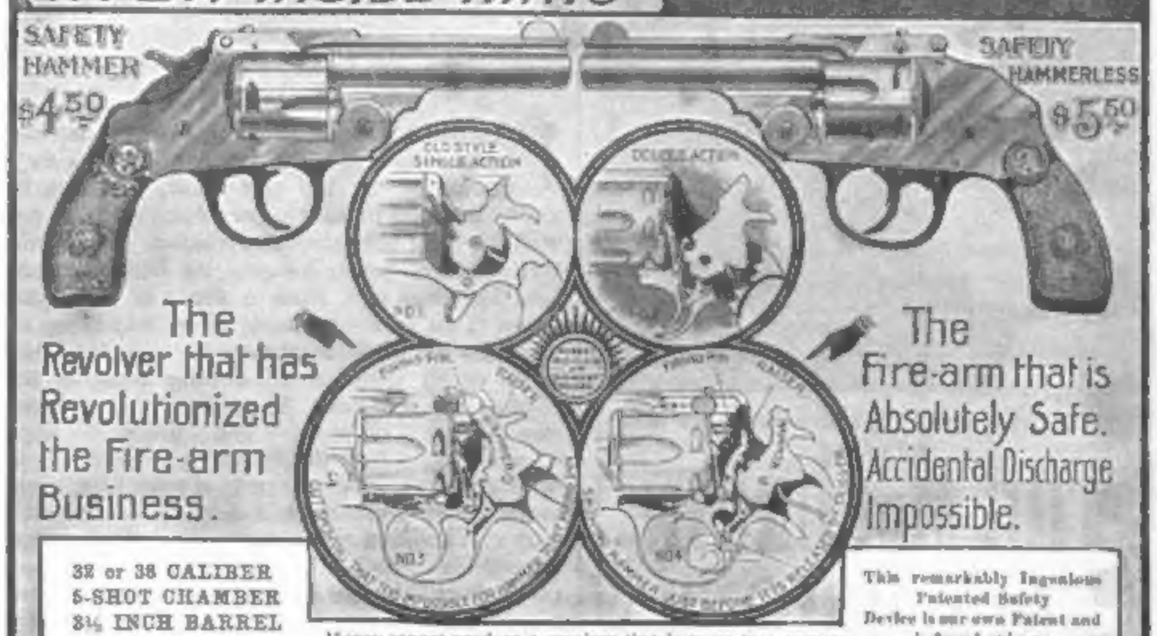
Of course it would be very pleasant to have a dictionary always up to date, with every word in its proper place, but unfortunately a dictionary begins to grow obsolete the day it is printed, and the only remedy is to issue periodically exhaustive supplements, with a complete revision at long intervals.

Reference to a supplement is admittedly a double disadvantage: it requires additional pains to find the desired word, and, as the Irishman had it, when you *do* put your finger on it, as like as not it's somewhere else; but the compensating advantages more than outweigh the disadvantages. The supplement is an easy epitome of the growth of the language, and a singularly complete reflection of many popular, scientific and literary tendencies. It is, moreover, a testing ground for words not yet regularly adopted into the general body of good use, and in so much a great aid to an accurate final revision.

The 1901 Webster's International Dictionary, with new supplement, has requisitioned the services of many able specialists in all departments of education and Government service. To the test of a comparison with the special terminology of any subject recently come into prominence, their work responds remarkably well. Various lists of sporting terms, words brought into the language by the recent wars in South Africa and Cuba, and from the technical vocabularies of science and dialect, meet with a full response from the supplement.

The editors have done well, and the publishers (*The G. & C. Merriam Company*) have spared no pains with the book.

A FEW INSIDE HINTS



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The Man of Letters

Some Incidents of His Profession *By* **William Mathews**

IT IS hard, indeed, to write *invita Minerva* when, instead of "thick-coming fancies" crowding to his pen-point, one has to wait long and patiently for ideas, and longer still for their adequate expression. But if the writer has to seize his pen, as Dickens says that he often did, from a sense of duty and drive it on in cold blood; if he has often to work for his bread against time or against his will, or in spite of an aching head or an aching heart—does he differ in this from any other toiler? "We know," says Thackeray, "how the life of any hack, legal or literary, in a curacy or in a marching regiment, or at a merchant's desk, is full of routine and tedious repetition. One day's labor resembles another too closely. Pegasus often does his work with panting sides and trembling knees. But there is no reason why this animal should be exempt from labor or illness or decay any more than any other of the creatures of God's world." Why should the man-of-letters be excused from the prosaic duties and cares and trials of this daily bread-earning, tax-paying life any more than his fellow-mortals in any other calling? If his life has its clouds and storms, it has, too, its sunshine—joys, privileges and immunities that belong to no other pursuit. As has been said of love, "all other pleasures are not worth its pains."

Balzac's Conception of Luxury

Again, dreary as is the drudgery of writing on compulsion, when one is not "i' the vein," yet is it not all forgotten in the ecstasy of those hours of inspiration when the writer is visited by those strange thoughts "that transcend our wonted themes and into glory peep;" when all his faculties are roused to their highest pitch of activity, and the fountain of his ideas is never for a moment turbid, but its last flowings fresh and clear as "its first sprightly runnings?" George Eliot tells us that in writing her most powerful passages "a not-herself" took possession of her, and that she "wrote in a state of intense excitement and agitation," as if she herself were possessed by the spirits of the persons she was describing. The delights of literary composition in such halcyon hours must transcend all other earthly joys. It must be to such transcendent periods that Balzac referred when he wrote: "These are the most *luxurious* and *delightful* moments of life, which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours a day at my desk in a state of transport. This gratification, more than glory, is my reward." To such an ecstasy as this not every author may hope to attain. If the experience were that of authors in general, the passion for writing, as Henry Rogers observes, would become a universal madness.

Hazlitt's Frank Avowal of Vanity

Hazlitt, in one of his piquant essays, confesses the great delight he experienced when hearing articles from his pen praised by persons who knew not their author. "I feel the force," he says, "of Horace's *digito monstrari*. I like to be pointed out in the street, or to hear people ask in Mr. Powell's court, 'Which is Mr. H——?' Your name so repeated leaves an echo like music in your ear; it stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet." The same writer elsewhere truly says that if the reader of a book relishes the author's "fancies and good-nights," the writer may be supposed to have relished them no less. "If the reader chuckled over a joke, the inventor may be supposed to chuckle over it to the full as much. Does one fasten with gathering brow and looks intent on some difficult speculation? He may be convinced that the writer thought it a fine thing to split his brain in solving so curious a problem, and to publish his discoveries to the world." Ben Jonson, who had vivid experiences both of the raptures and of the agonies of literary composition, long ago sang:

When happiest fancy has inspired the strains,
How oft the malice of one luckless word
Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
Haunts him belated on the silent plains!
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,
At last, of hinderance and obscurity,
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn!

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers, the first of which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of December 15.

Coleridge's Sacrifice to the Muses

Coleridge declared that poetry had been to him its own exceeding great reward, and when offered a half-share in two London newspapers, which would probably have yielded him an income of £2000 a year, replied: "I will not give up the country, and the lazy reading of old folios, for two thousand times two thousand pounds!" "Patience!" Southey used to exclaim when occasionally weary of his enforced and ill-paid drudgery at literary ephemera. "It is, after all, better than pleading in a stinking court of law, or being called up at midnight to a patient; it is better than being a soldier or a sailor; better than calculating profit and loss at a counter—better, in short, than anything but independence." The late M. Du Camp declared that he knew of no more beautiful occupation than that of an independent and unselfish author. "I owe to it the best joys of my life and the peace of my age." Hawthorne loved his calling, though for twenty years he was the obscurest man-of-letters in America, and had no incentive to effort in a reasonable prospect of fame or money—nothing, indeed, but the pleasure itself of literary composition.

The Author a Slave Only to Inclination

Again, what other worker has such command of his time as the author? All others are, more or less, slaves to the clock. But the author may do his work when and where he pleases—before breakfast or after breakfast, by daylight or by gaslight, at home or abroad, at the mountains or by the seaside, in steam-cars or on a steamship. Is he ill, or disgruntled, or out of the vein when he essays to write? He can lay aside his pen till the clouds disperse and it is a delight to wreak his thoughts upon expression.

In what other calling than the literary can a man sell the products of his labor two, three and even four times, and get double, treble or quadruple compensation for his toil—almost rivaling the good fortune of Whittington with his cat? Emerson's books yielded him but little money; but then for most of them he had been already paid twice—first as lectures, and secondly as articles in the monthly magazines and the reviews.

That veteran man-of-letters and very competent judge, Parke Godwin, insists that literature is as lucrative as any other profession to men who are really qualified to discharge its exacting and lofty functions. This we must doubt; but we cannot doubt that the reason why so many fail in this calling is, that they rush into it thoughtlessly, with neither the requisite natural gifts nor acquired qualifications. Are there, then, no luckless, briefless barristers of whom it may be said:

But, ah! to them no clerk his golden page
Rich with retaining fees did e'er unroll;
Chill negligence repressed their legal rage,
And froze the quibbling current of the soul?

Authors to be Envied, not Pitied

Are there no starving doctors who find it harder to keep the vital spark in their own bodies than in those of their patients? Has not the church its army of martyrs—gifted and cultured ministers steeped in poverty to the lips, yet having, in some cases, as many mouths to feed as the anti-Malthusian John Rogers? Is money a drug with every druggist? Is every tailor as familiar with turkey as with goose? Is any fact better established than that ninety-five out of every hundred merchants either become bankrupt or quit business in disgust? Not much is said about the miseries incident to these callings, but we hear a continual ding-dong about the hardships of authors. If all the unfortunate men in other callings could make their griefs the talk of the town, as authors make theirs, we should see that the latter are to be envied rather than to be pitied.

To conclude. Many other advantages of the literary profession suggest themselves besides those I have tried to set forth; but my space is full, and I must content myself with barely naming one; that is, the social consideration which the successful writer enjoys—"the equality, if not of rank, yet of standing, with the highest"—a reward richer than any which money or titles can give.

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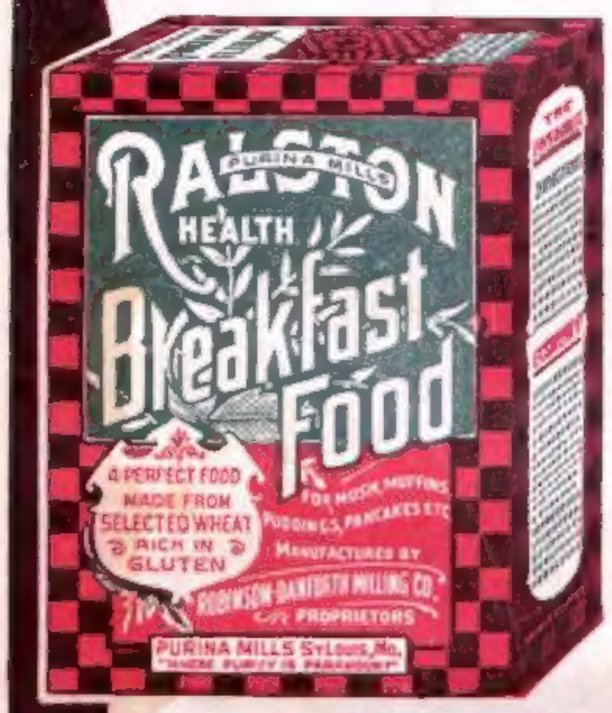

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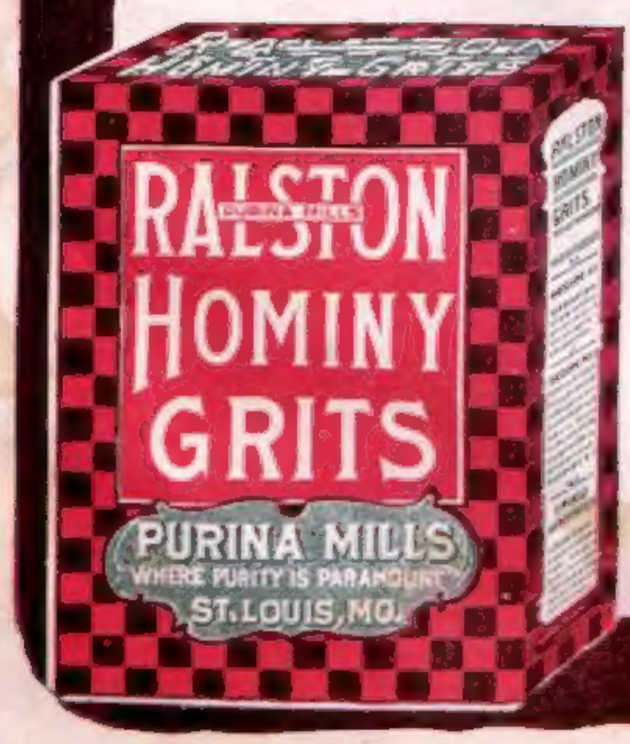
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